HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1179.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

EDISON IN HIS WORKSHOP.—Drawn by H. Muhrman.—[See Page 607.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the beginning of an interesting story by* F. W. ROBINSON, *entitled* "THE BAR-MAID AT BATTLETON," *with five spirited illustrations.*

The ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *to be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will contain a charming story by* JUSTIN MCCARTHY, *entitled* "MATTIE OF GREYSPARKLE," *with a page of illustrations.*

A CALM.

THERE is a lull in politics. It will soon be disturbed in Maine and Ohio; but the long extra session, with its political debates, and the approaching election of 1880, dispose every body to rest. Besides these reasons, there is the revival of business, and the impatience of incessant partisanship, as interfering with the conditions of prosperous industry. When Congress finally adjourned, there was a very general wish that it had been for five years instead of five months, and there is a feeling often warmly expressed that except for the politicians the country would do very well. This is a feeling which may be exaggerated very easily, and which forgets that the essential condition of a popular government is constant political interest and activity. The vital consideration is how to make that activity most useful. The remedy for railroad disasters is not the abandonment of steam-power, and a return to stage-coaches. The letter of JOSIAH QUINCY to Professor C. S. HENRY, which the professor has recently published, is the testimony of a contemporary witness of the beginnings of our government to the fact that "President-making" has been always our chief political interest and source of danger. It pays to the power of "the machine" the high compliment of saying that AARON BURR, politically speaking, "invented" THOMAS JEFFERSON. The tendency which Mr. QUINCY remarks in this letter, written twenty years ago, has been more fully developed, however, within that time. By the enormous multiplication of minor offices in the national and State governments a patronage has arisen which has lodged political power in the hands of what are called professional politicians; that is to say, of a class of men who devote themselves to the details of politics, and who manage either for themselves, as Mr. TILDEN does, or for a friend, as Mr. WEED did for Mr. SEWARD.

Whether this be inseparable from a popular system we do not now consider; but this is the explanation of the fact, which is constantly remarked, that the ability of American public life is a poor representative of the actual ability of the country. There are, of course, and there have always been, very able and eminent men in public affairs, but there is not the same general tendency of ability toward public life that there is in other countries. Self-respecting men are unwilling to pack primaries, and in general to electioneer for themselves, and nobody is likely to do such work for them without the prospect of reward. Hence comes the prostitution of patronage to personal ends, and the extraordinary spectacle offered by Mr. TILDEN of a man organizing a detailed system of influencing public opinion, and of securing delegates to Conventions in his own interest, aiming to become President of the United States, not because he is the deliberate choice of his fellow-citizens, but because he has "put up the job," as a sharper packs the cards. It is owing to the same general system that the real leaders of parties are passed by in Conventions, and that "available" candidates are nominated. If a man desires the Presidency, it is dangerous for him to become a conspicuous party chief, because the political class which elects Conventions and makes nominations seeks its own advantage, and is not influenced by popular preference. Thus Mr. CONKLING is reported to have suggested Mr. WINDOM as a possible Republican candidate. Mr. WINDOM is doubtless a most excellent man. But, upon the principle by which he would be selected, a gentleman still less known would be preferable.

Since, then, "politics" are and should be always active in a republic, and since President-making must be always an engrossing interest under our system, the problem is to abate the danger. A little pamphlet has been lately published in London by Mr. GEORGE MORTIMER TIBBITS, an American Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge, in England, called a "Proposal for Reform in the Federal Executive." Mr. TIBBITS's reform is the transformation of our President into an English Prime Minister. He is to be elected by Congress, to select his cabinet from Congress, and to have the power of dissolution and appeal to the country. The result, in the author's judgment, would be Congressional government, and the disappearance of our chief perils, which are a popular election of President and a possible dead lock between the executive and legislative branches of the government. Until this change is made he thinks all attempts at reform of the civil service system merely farcical, because so long as the President is elected by the people there must be bribery and corruption, and the bribery of patronage is better than that of money. This is a plain way of stating a general opinion, which is, however, a mistaken opinion. It would be very much easier to persuade the country to change the system of minor appointment than to change the fundamental forms of the government; and powerful as patronage is, and plausible as is the argument that it is indispensable to party success, our history shows that it is not indispensable. Instead of bewailing the brawls of Congress and the selfish activity of politicians, and wishing that Congress and politicians were sealed up in Symmes's Hole, a more reasonable improvement of the lull would be reflection upon methods of lessening the friction of an inevitable and desirable activity. The real test of a republic is the willingness of the people to make changes which time and experience have shown to be improvements. DE TOCQUEVILLE, as Mr. TIBBITS reminds us, thought that our noblest act was not the effort to throw off the English connection, but the calm reformation of our entire domestic political system when the Confederation was obviously a failure.

CONSOLATION FOR DEMOCRATIC BRETHREN.

WE hope that it is unnecessary to remind those who are well disposed toward the Administration that Democratic sources of information in regard to it are very suspicious. Once a month at least we read in Democratic papers that "reform has been thrown overboard." It pains those papers deeply, of course, but, as conscientious purveyors of news, they are bound to announce the fact. We observe, however, that they refrain wisely from saying that complete Democratic control of the government would bring reform up again. The Democratic critics are gay and humorous, but that is a stroke of humor beyond them. They are shocked to hear that Treasury clerks have been asked to give money for election expenses. They are grieved to learn that Mr. SHERMAN is arranging appointments in Ohio and in the Southern States with a view to the Presidential nomination. This is an offense peculiarly repulsive to the Democratic friends of Mr. TILDEN, who are indignant that the President has revoked the prohibition of official interference in caucuses and conventions. It is inexpressibly sad, they think, that the great and good cause of civil service reform should be betrayed in the house of its friends. But, unhappily, they assure us, there can be no doubt of it, and it is their melancholy duty to announce once more that reform has gone down. We are glad that we can console our lamenting friends by informing them that there is still a spar or two from the wreck floating about the New York Custom-house and Post-office. We have seen in the columns of our doleful contemporaries detailed statements of deliberate violations of the rules adopted by the President, which they will rejoice to hear that we know to be wholly untrue. Since the rules were announced, both in the Custom-house and the Post-office, they have been most faithfully observed. The practicability of the merit method of appointment has been fully established, and the fidelity shown under the trying and difficult circumstances which necessarily attend such an effort is honorable to everybody concerned. In both offices old traditions are most powerful. The temptation to evade and sophisticate is naturally exceedingly strong. But we are happy to beg our sorrowing Democratic contemporaries to wipe their weeping eyes, for since the rules went into effect every vacancy under them has been filled in the manner which they prescribe.

The rules, indeed, have been applied thus far mainly in the New York offices. But if they can be and have been faithfully enforced there, something has been gained which is of the greatest value. The New York Custom-house, for instance, has ceased to be a centre of political intrigue. Political assessments there and at the Post-office are no longer a terror. Place is retained and appointment is secured in both by proved merit in an equal competition. There is consequently a higher tone of self-respect and greater efficiency in the service. This is true of both these offices, and it will give unfeigned pleasure to our Democratic brethren who languished for reform under the eminent man who knew not ciphers, and who will see with joy that all is not lost, and that something has not gone overboard. They will see with equal delight, also, that Mr. SHERMAN expressly denies the story about his action, and they will agree that if, as is alleged, the clerks in the Washington departments have been asked, as clerks, to give money for the elections, it is a wrong which is yet very difficult to correct except by a peremptory prohibition to any one engaged in the public service to contribute anything whatever even to the legitimate expenses of elections. The wisdom of such an order may be doubted, but the President has often and distinctly declared that every officer in the public service may give or not give without affecting his tenure in the least degree. The old abuse, as it exists, for instance, in full vigor in the Democratic municipal administration in New York, has been practically eliminated from the national Administration. The subscription is not the price of the place. No clerk need feel obliged to give. Formerly it was a matter of course that those who held offices should pay for them in this way. But the principle of this Administration is that a clerk may give or decline, like every other citizen.

Special solicitation of clerks in the departments during office hours should be, however, peremptorily forbidden. A political committee has precisely the same right to enter a public office and ask contributions of the clerks that it has to enter STEWART'S store, and ARNOLD & CONSTABLE'S, and the banks, and the South Street counting-rooms, and no more. Undoubtedly the abuse has been so great that a committee which attempts to levy upon government clerks still carries a certain sense of compulsion with it, from which the clerks have a right to be protected. The fact that Mr. GORHAM, on behalf of a committee, sent begging circulars last year to the public clerks and not to private clerks, showed that he felt a peculiar right to appeal to them. It will, however, rejoice the Democratic heart, fervently bent upon reform, to know that the Executive has given the most positive assurance that a refusal to subscribe will not affect the position of any clerk in the service. Those who care to know the truth are aware that a great deal of progress has been made under this Administration in correction of the abuses of the civil service, and a great deal also to show the practicability of a change of the system of appointment from favoritism to merit. Those who supported Mr. HAYES in the trust that something would be really gained in this direction have not been disappointed, and the actual gain is due to the confidence of all those intrusted with the details of reform in the sincere conviction and purpose of the President.

NORTHERN BEAMS AND SOUTHERN MOTES.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* objects to our remark that "working-men" could not be enticed from the Northwest and New England, because they are sure of justice and fair play. It says that it is a queer kind of justice and fair play which produces the labor strikes and protests, and it exhorts us to expel the beams from our Northern eyes before criticising Southern motes. We have not asserted by any means that everybody in this part of the country is satisfied with his condition. What we said and say is that such justice and fair play as equal laws secure are here secured. No class of voters, as a class, is deprived of its political rights. No class of laborers, as a class, is flagrantly wronged in such labor contracts as it makes. But the most unimpeachable evidence attests that at the elections of last year in many parts of the Southern States, notably in South Carolina at various precincts, the colored voters, as a class, were prevented from voting, and the wrong has been without legal remedy. In Ulster County, in New York, on the other hand, where at a single poll there was interference with the equal right of voting, there has been prompt trial and punishment—and the outrage itself was exceptional. So a whole class of laborers is industrially wronged in the way pointed out by ex-Senator ALCORN in Mississippi.

The right relations of capital and labor, indeed, are a very important question everywhere. But under the existing relations, which are substantially the same in the Southern as in the Northern States, the colored laborers in the South are wronged as no class of laborers is wronged at the North. The rate of wages in New England and the Northwest may or may not be too low, but there is no question that the wages are paid according to the contract, and that the workmen vote freely and as they please. This is the justice and fair play of which we spoke. As to the State or local interest in the matter, the *Courier-Journal* will agree that the interest of Kentucky in the Fall River strike is very different from that of Massachusetts in the suppression of the colored vote in Mississippi. A local strike in Massachusetts affects but imperceptibly the welfare of any other community or State, while the systematic intimidation of voters at Congressional elections in Southern States is a means of taking forcible possession of the national government.

We repeat, therefore, without denying the number and size of the beams that may be lodged in our own eyes, that until the colored laborers of the Southern States have the same kind of justice and fair play, industrially and politically, under existing conditions, that all white laborers have in the Northern States—that is, until their political rights are respected and their labor contracts fairly fulfilled—there will be a national trouble and peril for which intelligent Southern sentiment, represented, we hope, by the *Courier-Journal*, must be held responsible. The remedy, we concede, is largely a local and State remedy, and depends mainly upon public opinion. But it is an opinion in whose education the whole country is vitally interested.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

THERE has been much dining and speaking and cheering and telegraphing about the Isthmus Canal of M. DE LESSEPS, the engineer of the Suez Canal. The old Darien Company has transferred its rights and concessions to M. DE LESSEPS, and Senator BURNSIDE having introduced a declaration on behalf of the United States, to the effect that we should not see with equanimity any foreign power acquring control of such a work, M. DE LESSEPS, with amiable effusiveness, has announced that the Panama project is universal and purely commercial, not designed to favor any particular national interest, and that the canal which is to unite the two oceans can be completed for $50,000,000—a trivial sum, which, doubtless, mankind will instantly and eagerly subscribe. The enthusiasm with which the preliminary banquets and the glorious expectations and eloquent raptures have been reported suggests a very resolute determination to place the project upon the market under the most seductive auspices.

The project of piercing the isthmus is not new. Thirty years ago there was a similar appeal to public interest, and there were the most glowing anticipations of a speedy and splendid result. In 1849 the republic of Nicaragua granted to CORNELIUS VANDERBILT and his associates the right of building a ship-canal from ocean to ocean *viâ* Nicaragua. The successors of the original corporators were three companies which, nine years ago, co-operated in the purpose of enlightening the public mind and of urging Congressional action. At that time Mr. JOHN E. BODY, president of one of the companies, and a gentleman thoroughly informed upon the subject, made a compact and admirable statement of the situation, which is still very instructive. It was the project of the Nicaragua ship-canal which led to the BULWER-CLAYTON treaty of protection in 1852. The ground was carefully surveyed, and the desirable line was found to be from the harbor of Greytown, on the Atlantic, to that of Brito, on the Pacific. This line included the Lake of Nicaragua, which at high water is 103 feet above high water on the Pacific, and 107½ above that on the Atlantic. This last fall is distributed over 119 miles of navigable water. The lake is 110 miles long, and is the great water reservoir of Central America; and the summit level, between a river which falls into the lake and another which falls into the Pacific, is only forty-six feet above high water in the lake, has a width of one and a half miles, and is approached on each side up a generally broad and uniform plane.

It is the measurements and details of this report which are still unchallenged, and which have been approved by engineers specially appointed by the British Government, as well as by our own national Board of Topographical Engineers, which seem to justify the opinion that the most favorable conditions of an interoceanic canal are furnished by the Nicaragua line. The Panama and Darien schemes hitherto have contemplated tunnels, but they are very questionable structures in such a work. It is to be noted, also, that the Nicaragua line was estimated to cost but $31,500,000. If M. DE LESSEPS's Darien plan should be seriously

pushed, it is to be presumed that the whole question of feasibility of routes will be reopened, and this generation, like the last, will become familiar with the name of Nicaragua and the topography of Central America. The completion of the Suez Canal will stimulate the desire to unite the oceans, and it will be interesting to see how M. DE LESSEPS will dispose of the report of Mr. CHILDS in 1850-51, demonstrating the superiority of the Nicaragua route.

A BOOMERANG.

WE hope that Mr. KASSON, our excellent minister to Austria, is misreported in saying that there is a preference for General GRANT as a Presidential candidate in the Northwest because "they feel that with General GRANT in the Presidential chair they can go to bed trusting that they will wake up in the morning and find the material and political interests of the country safe." There may be good reasons for nominating General GRANT for a third term, but this certainly is not one of them. It is a reason much too comprehensive. Every body wishes to go to bed every night as long as he lives trusting that he will wake up and find all right in the morning. But if we must have General GRANT in the White House in order to have this confidence, let us arrange to have him stay there always. We don't wish to be sure of the morrow for four years only; and if the presence of any one citizen in the White House be the guarantee of peace and prosperity, when we have found that citizen let us provide for his permanent Presidency.

It is the general opinion that under this government our material and political interests are secured by laws and not by persons, and that it is rather dangerous doctrine that any one man is essential to our safety. As a constitutional President, General GRANT could do nothing that every other citizen in the Presidency could not do; and upon what ground is it supposed that he alone would observe his oath and constitutionally enforce the laws? Whether Mr. KASSON is correctly reported or not, the remark attributed to him is very frequently made. Its import is that the country has at last reached a condition in which it can be saved only by a dictator; that a strong man is needed, and that General GRANT is a strong man.

Now we do not believe that any body seriously supposes this country to be threatened with foreign or domestic war, or that there will be any more need of "a strong man"—that is to say, a general of the army—in 1880 than there has been in any other year. Nobody doubts that Mr. BLAINE, or Mr. SHERMAN, or any other eminent Republican who has been named as a candidate, would do all his constitutional duty in the Presidency quite as strictly as General GRANT, and the talk of his giving the country a sense of security which the other gentlemen mentioned as candidates could not give is both nonsensical and mischievous. If the nomination of General GRANT is to be urged because of its necessity, it will undoubtedly seem to many persons necessary to show that it is not necessary; and they are the very persons whom Republicans should consider.

THACKERAY IN IRELAND.

IN the *Life of Charles Lever*, one of the latest issues of the "Franklin Square Library," there are some fresh glimpses of THACKERAY which are very interesting to the reader of ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S capital estimate of him in MORLEY'S "English Men of Letters." The LEVER view is entertaining, because it shows THACKERAY in Ireland—a country which, with its people, he was never tired of burlesquing. He went to Ireland in 1842, while he was still a miscellaneous writer for the magazines, with his fame still to make. LEVER was writing *Tom Burke* when THACKERAY, engaged upon the *Irish Sketch-Book*, and seeking material in the country itself, came to visit him. LEVER was then editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and a Tory, while THACKERAY was a member of the Reform Club, and a Liberal. He was a very pleasant guest, according to LEVER'S biographer, and was a favorite with the children. Among the friends who were invited by LEVER to meet THACKERAY was Major D——, whose name is not otherwise given in the *Life*, for which he supplies much material, and who contributes a special paper of reminiscences of THACKERAY. The first dinner was a "square party" of LEVER, THACKERAY, Captain SIBORNE, the historian of Waterloo, and Major D——. The conversation was mainly between THACKERAY and LEVER, who were each curious to bring out the other, each a little wary, and not quite sympathetic.

The narrator says that THACKERAY, who had a distrust of everything Irish, and a general suspicion of men and women—a view which is unjust to him—was very anti-aristocratic, almost to resentment, in the tone of his remarks, and evidently thinking LEVER too complaisant, tried to entice him into the boasting strain which he thought characteristic of Irishmen. But LEVER, who saw his purpose, assumed the caustic and skeptical tone proper to the English tourist, so that each played a part belonging to the other.

They talked of French and German literature, THACKERAY preferring the latter, and of the French celebrities of the time. THACKERAY sharply criticised the French theatre, and, rising from table, drolly imitated a passage in an opera of the time, to the great amusement of the company. The two men stimulated each other, while their companions silently listened and enjoyed, THACKERAY'S conversation flowing more evenly and fully, LEVER'S more notable for "spurts" of brilliancy. But when THACKERAY said that he would rather have written Harry Lorrequer's English version of the student song, "The Pope he leads a happy life," than anything that he had himself done, LEVER could scarcely believe it. Seeing, however, that it was really meant, he became much more cordial, and Major D—— thinks that his friendship for THACKERAY began at that moment. The next day they all went to a review in the Park, and the Major was exceedingly amused by THACKERAY'S honest fear of being ridden down by the cavalry, or turned off the ground for being in the wrong place. He evidently thought the review a bore, but returning to his lodgings, he spoke of the great interest with which Waterloo was still regarded, and of the success of LEVER'S military novels. THACKERAY laughed a good deal at LEVER'S treatment, but Major D—— thought that he was himself meditating a military story; and afterward, upon reading *Vanity Fair*, the Major recalled the conversation, and perceived the care with which the work was planned, and restrained within the author's power.

It is exceedingly amusing to read that on the way home from Maynooth—a place which disgusted THACKERAY—the party stopped at the villa of a captain whom THACKERAY would have doubtless impaled as a snob, and who chaffed the historian of snobs about a light summer coat that he wore, as especially "snobbish." This annoyed THACKERAY, who was very sensitive, and "after a spicy replication," he rose and took leave. LEVER, it seems, was not less sensitive, and it is a curious illustration of THACKERAY'S power that his burlesque of LEVER in "Phil Fogarty" is acknowledged by LEVER'S biographer entirely to have changed the style of the author of *Harry Lorrequer*, and, as most readers will think, to have spoiled it. There were no more O'Malleys and Tom Burkes after THACKERAY'S travesty appeared. LEVER sincerely rejoiced at THACKERAY'S success, says Major D——, who thinks that no man was ever more improved by success than THACKERAY. The Major dined with him at his house near Kensington in 1846, and among the guests were two noted Irishmen—MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL and Father Prout. But when he chaffed his host upon such company, THACKERAY laughingly answered, "One must have sitters." THACKERAY never lost his regard for the gay LEVER, and more than once the memoir records that the Englishman urged thrift upon his Irish friend. But LEVER was of the guild of "Goldy" and DICK STEELE. When he had a guinea, he must have a friend and a bottle. THACKERAY, who had a soft heart for all Bohemians, half envied the Irishman's loitering life; but his manly fidelity and sense of duty are only the more evident from what is seen of him in this book.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

MR. HENRY JAMES, Jun.'s, *Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode* have occasioned a droll discussion in some English papers upon the relative social courtesy toward each other of Americans and Englishmen. It is alleged that, as a rule, Englishmen are more hospitably received in America than Americans in England, and we remember at a dinner given in New York to an English author to have heard from a very eminent American author the remark that there was no literary man in America who would be so honored in England. But this was hardly true. The form of the honor might possibly differ; but there is no doubt that PRESCOTT and MOTLEY and LONGFELLOW and EMERSON, to go no further, were as sincerely welcomed and honored in England as any English author has been in this country. DICKENS and THACKERAY appealed directly to the public as readers and lecturers, and there was a good deal of amusing extravagance in our first reception of "Boz." On the other hand, there can be no complaint of coldness in Mr. FROUDE'S compliment to Mr. BRET HARTE at the late dinner in London.

The difference that is remarked is, however, very intelligible. There are three reasons that English hospitality should be unlike ours. One is the greater national reserve of temperament; another, the classification of English society; and a third, the immense numbers of Americans who go abroad. The Englishmen who travel in America are generally—not always, of course, and not including the commercial travellers—men of education and leisure, whose visit to America is a part of their education, and who are agreeable social companions. If, like Dean STANLEY, they are somewhat distinguished, we lionize them generously and good-humoredly. The reporters take good care to inform us that the Duke of Argyll sat in the pilot-house of the steamer from Portland, and expressed his pleasure in the scenery, and his intention of calling upon Mr. LONGFELLOW. If the reporters do this to gratify an interest in the Duke because he is a duke, it is something that we can not post to our credit; and England has kept the account even by the reports about General GRANT.

An American who is well introduced socially in England is undoubtedly received with charming courtesy, as an Englishman with similar introductions is received in this country. It is a mistake to suppose that an American is regarded in England as "queer" because he is an American, while, naturally, slight differences in points of etiquette and social habit are more observable in those who are generally of the same race and who speak the same language. Young ladies like Daisy Miller, however clever and innocent, are inevitably odd to those who are used to less careless and familiar manners, and young gentlemen like Lord Lambeth are rather comical in a society which is used to early cleverness and self-possession. If such a gentleman is more rapturously received by Newport than such a lady by London, it is not necessarily a reproach to London. An American senator might be very angry with an American minister in England for not inviting him to meet lords and ladies of high rank at dinner. But it is not at all clear that an American gentleman entertaining a nobleman of high rank at dinner would necessarily invite the senator to meet him. Undoubtedly an American mother would instantly call upon an English lady arriving in the country who had received her son in England as kindly as Lord Lambeth was received in America by Mrs. Westgate; and certainly it was with great difficulty that Lord Lambeth's mother, the Duchess of Bayswater, was persuaded to call upon Mrs. Westgate in London. But undoubtedly, also, she would have refused positively to call upon an English lady, however kind she may have been to her son, whom the duchess believed was trying to catch him for her sister, which she believed was Mrs. Westgate's purpose. The difficulties that Americans observe in English society are mainly due to caste, of which in this country we know nothing. But we repeat we doubt if any properly introduced American has any just reason to complain of his social reception in England.

A SPEECH IN THE STATE-PRISON.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S recent address to the convicts at the Auburn State-prison is not only notable in itself, but it shows a just sense of the responsibility of public distinction. Mr. SEYMOUR is an eminent citizen of New York, who, after a conspicuous political career, in which we have always opposed him, has withdrawn from active politics, but happily not from another kind of public interest. His ability and experience give great value to his remarks upon the subjects in which he is interested, while his reputation secures them an attention which the words of few other men in the State could command. This position gives Mr. SEYMOUR a power which he honorably and gladly uses for the public benefit. The ex-Governor has not secluded himself upon his farm, like the ex-minister Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his garden, silently to look out for political advancement, but in his tranquil retirement he has become a wise counsellor to his fellow-citizens.

His knowledge of the history of this State, for instance, is ample, and his addresses and letters upon the subject are exceedingly valuable. His interest in various forms of industry is active, and at an agricultural fair or a mechanical festival he has always something to say fresh and instructive even to experts. No college address of last year was more significant and suggestive than that made by him at Madison University. His recent letter upon the legal status of the Indians—a question raised by the suit in the case of the Ponca Indians—is a sign of his active and intelligent sympathy with non-partisan and humane questions; and his little speech to the Auburn convicts, the other day, is that of a man who has thought much and well of the question of prisons and punishments, and who in speaking to prisoners addresses them only as fellow-men, without cant or formal exhortation.

The key-note of the address is the value of the memory of errors, and in plain and simple words the orator shows how it depends upon each man to make the wrong that he has done serviceable to his right living. It was an exceedingly difficult task exceedingly well done, and it has the supreme merit of a speech under such circumstances that it probably left in the minds of some who heard it the consciousness that they might reform their lives, and the resolution that they would reform them. Mr. SEYMOUR is almost unique in his position of a conspicuous and ardent political partisan losing the bitterness of party spirit in the maturity of his life, and, with his powers unworn, mellowing into a genial public teacher.

PERSONAL.

A LEADING Italian statesman, speaking of King HUMBERT, says that he reminds one of Hamlet. His opinions on things and men are quite characteristic. When he has taken to a man, and speaks out his mind, he is most sarcastic and witty. He likes chatting, and every joke is accompanied by a sort of stroke on your elbow, which places the visitor in a very embarrassing position. The more he talks, the more you are astonished at the profound knowledge he has of the men of his time, and especially of those who surround him. If he suspects a man wants to fish out information or get at his opinion, he most cleverly manages to talk for an hour without letting out a word which might compromise him, quite in the style of Hamlet with Rosencranz and Guildenstern. He puts no end of questions, and seems to enjoy information even about things of no consequence. When complimented on his happy escape from the hands of the assassin, he smiled, and said, "Well, really, one gets so many congratulations that it's worth while having one's life attempted."

—A writer in a Paris journal claims to be in a position to know that the present capital of the different ROTHSCHILD houses is at least $500,000,000, and that they can control as much more. Stories of the ROTHSCHILDS will always be told, as they will be about any and every body thought to be enormously rich. After the interest a man has in his own money, he seems to be most interested in some other man's money. NATHAN ROTHSCHILD is reported to have said: "One great reason of our success is that we know how to hold our tongues." They are as reticent as the grave touching their business. After Baron LIONEL had been dead a week, a London wag remarked: "The old baron is just as communicative as ever." The time has passed—if it ever was—when kings had to consult the ROTHSCHILDS before they could go to war, but they are still a stupendous power, and likely to be for generations. The recollection that the founder of the house, MEYER ANSELM (he took the name ROTHSCHILD from the sign of a red shield placed over his small shop in Frankfort), entered Hanover in 1763 barefoot, with a bundle of rags on his back, is enough to prevent any poor devil from despair. But it is not every man who has the brain of MEYER ANSELM.

—General JOSEPH F. HAWLEY, of Connecticut, delivered the oration on the centennial anniversary of the storming of Stony Point, on the Hudson River, on the 16th inst. The original plan of the battle in all its details was to have been carried out by the militia under the command of Lieutenants FEBIGER and VOGDES, of the regular army, the former a descendant of Colonel FEBIGER, who led in the attack one hundred years ago.

—Twelve large donations to missionary societies have been made within a few months, amounting to over $3,000,000. Miss LAPSLEY, of Indiana, left $300,000 to the Presbyterian Board, and Deacon OTIS, of Connecticut, $973,000 to the American Board. Gifts of $100,000 each from India and Africa are included in the list.

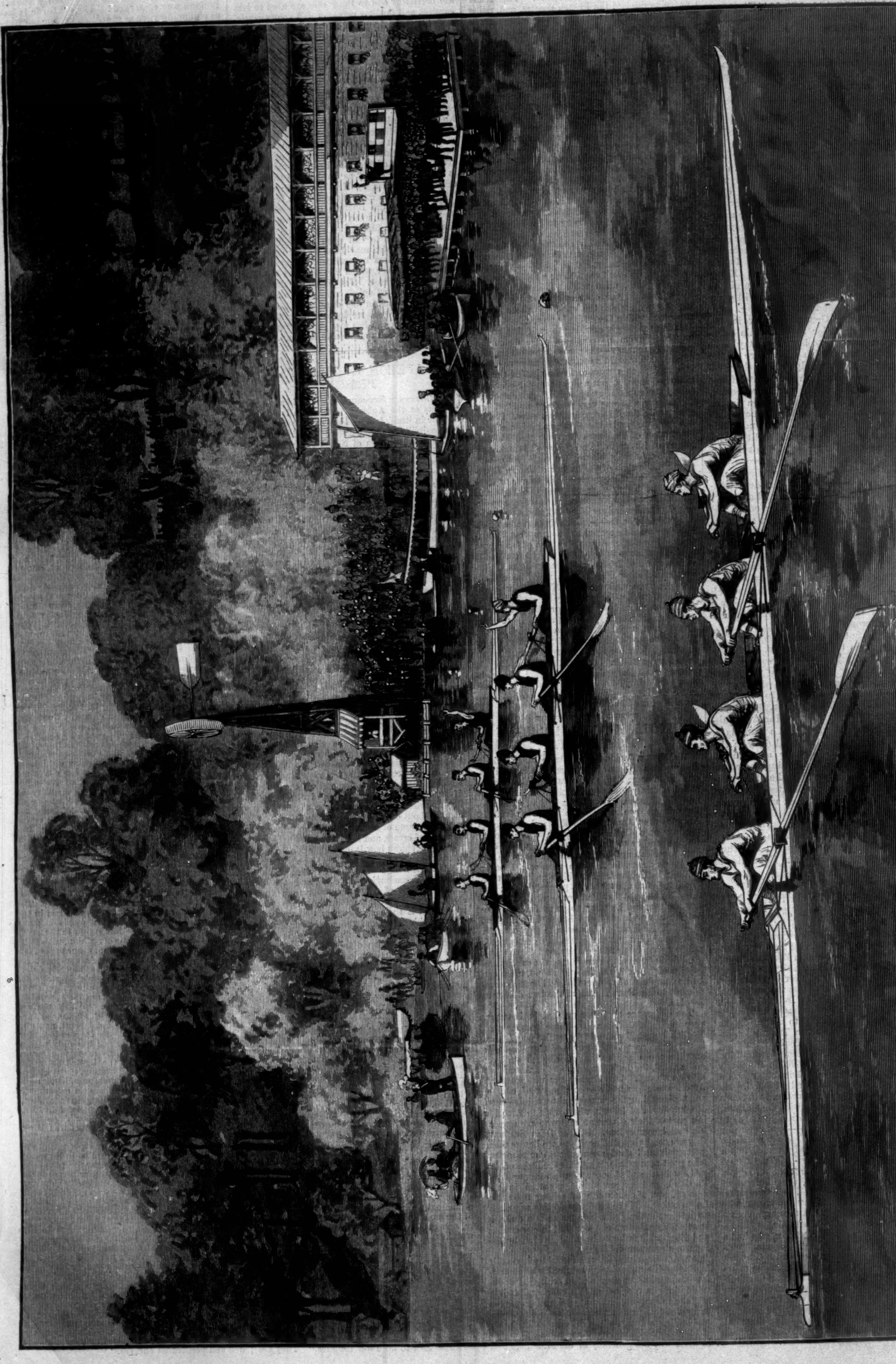
—The DODGE family have had a grand festival. All the DODGES in the U. S. who could raise the cash and make it convenient concentrated themselves on the 10th of July at Salem, Massachusetts, and celebrated the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first DODGE who put foot in America. Mr. ROBERT DODGE, of this city, delivered the address.

—This "personal" is told of GODLOVE S. ORTH, M.C., by an ex-Representative: "Mr. ORTH, when once before a member of Congress, occupied the seat next to mine, so that we became well acquainted. ORTH'S name, as I remember, was just about in the middle of the list of members, and the clerk in reading his name did not always speak it quite plainly. A man was sitting by me one day who had been a frequent listener to the proceedings of the House, and when some vote was taken he made the curious inquiry: 'Tell me, Mr. MYERS, why does the clerk always, when he gets to the middle of the roll-call, say, "God love us all?"' He was informed that what the clerk really said was, 'GODLOVE S. ORTH.'"

—General ROBERT TOOMBS has just been interviewed by a newspaper man, and given his notions of the more distinguished men with whom he was associated in Congress. He said: "All in all, Mr. WEBSTER was the greatest man I ever knew. Not the most eloquent, but the greatest. As a regulator of men, CLAY was his superior, and on occasions CLAY was as eloquent as man could well be. CALHOUN was the greatest logician I ever knew. It may seem strange, but the two most eloquent men I ever heard were Yankees—CHOATE and PRENTISS. They were incomparable. PRENTISS was the most eloquent, probably, but CHOATE was the best debater. I saw CHOATE and WEBSTER pitted once, and to WEBSTER'S discomfiture. In those days our statesmen were much better scholars than they are now. There was less general education, but higher special education. The greatest Southerner I ever knew, and probably the greatest man ever produced by the South, was McDUFFIE, and the most eloquent Southerner, W. C. PRESTON. RANDOLPH was a remarkable man, but depended more upon his eccentric, unique manner than upon his real greatness. W. L. YANCEY was emphatically a first-class talker."

—During the demolition of some old houses in Brook Street, London, England, a collection of newspapers, periodicals, etc., of the dates 1765-70, was discovered among a quantity of lumber, and disposed of as "waste" at one of the shops in the neighborhood. Among the packages thus sold a MS. was found, and on examination a dramatic poem in blank verse was brought to light, numbering about 800 lines, and perfect, with the exception of the first few pages, which, however, apparently only contained the title, and possibly dedication. The poem is signed with the capital C of the Saxon alphabet, and it is now believed that it is from the pen of the unfortunate CHATTERTON, who committed suicide in a house in Brook Street in 1770. The poem deals with love and revenge, is laid in the second CHARLES'S days, and abounds in many striking passages. The MS. is now in the hands of Lord HOUGHTON, who is of opinion, with Dean STANLEY, Mr. SWINBURNE, and other men of letters, that the MS. is genuine. Arrangements are being made for its publication at an early date.

—We find in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July the following appreciative mention of the author of the *History of Our Own Times*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS: "Within the last few months Ireland has sent another distinguished man of letters to Parliament, and one who bids fair to make a fresh success in a new field. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has only within the last few years made his name familiar in English households. In the United States he long ago established a reputation, partly as lecturer, and partly as author and journalist. Having written a succession of novels remarkable for their pure tone, for their high literary finish, and for their genial satire of social folly, Mr. MCCARTHY suddenly surprised even his most intimate and therefore most expectant friends by producing a *History of Our Own Times*, which has achieved a success that for rapidity and extent it would be difficult to parallel in the same class of literature. The member for Longford is too recent an acquisition to the House for a conclusive verdict to be passed upon his chances. He has spoken twice or thrice, always briefly and to the point, and with a grace of diction and ease of manner which some members who have grown gray in the service of the state still lack. He has one faculty which infallibly tells upon any popular assembly, and is peculiarly acceptable with a cultured audience like that which meets at Westminster. He has read as much as Mr. COWEN, remembers even more, and is singularly quick at seeing points of congruity between current topics and things which have been said, or done, or fancied in times past. Nothing wins applause in the House of Commons more readily than an apt illustration or a happy quotation. Mr. MCCARTHY has already indicated his ability in these directions, and may be safely counted upon some day to win a sudden and permanent success."



THE SARATOGA REGATTA—THE FOUR-OARED CONTEST ON THE THIRD DAY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 606.]

EMBALMED FOR A DAY.

"We are in sorrow," she said, "and our physician advised travel."

In sorrow. Her costume accorded with these words. Crape, bombazine, mourning silk, whatever in modern façon expresses sackcloth and ashes, were there. But the face from whose fair forehead the long black veil was thrown back lent no spirit to their significance.

She reminded me of a portrait in one of the studios of my native city—the portrait of a nun. Every one who looked at the picture, exclaiming, "How beautiful!" or "How interesting!" was sure to add, "But she was not a *real* nun?"

"No."

I had seen many women in the glitter of ball-rooms, lighted with jewels and bedizened with aerial colors, whose faces in repose expressed "We are in sorrow" far more eloquently than this mourner girt in the "inky cloak" of studied blackness.

I refrained from remarking, "I too am in sorrow, and my physician has ordered travel." Such an avowal would have been too true to cast before her conventional assertion.

We walked together under the fragrant arches of an Italian garden overlooking the sea. Accident had brought us both to this sunny domain opened for invalids who needed such healing as "a beaker full of the warm South" gives. "And are you to stay here?" I asked.

"Yes, for a month or more. And you?"

"For a fortnight only. Then I am to join friends now on their way southward from Paris. I do not know in what direction they have ordered their tour."

A shadow crossed her little porcelain-tinted red and white face as I said this.

Certainly a shadow. I recalled it when, in courting slumber that night, I dreamily refollowed our morning walk, which, without venturing upon the heights, had extended the whole seaward length of the doctor's gardens. Why should my careless answer have brought a shadow across the pretty doll-like countenance which a confessed "in sorrow" had failed to sadden?

Vanity offered a solution. But calm judgment repudiated the idea of a possible attraction existing for her in a presence sombred like mine by recent grief, and an ennui sufficiently near illness to require medicinal treatment. It was utterly improbable that a man sobered by the experience of the fifteen or twenty years wherewith he was her senior should impress favorably at first sight this sunny-faced school-girl. And yet—

We met constantly. Not, I think, at first, with any preconcerted attempt on either side, but by a caprice of circumstance. She was frequently accompanied by friends, most frequently by an elderly lady in mourning deep as her own, whom she called "mamma," but who, I was told, held no nearer relation to her than that of aunt by marriage.

The charming etiquette of the place required no formal attendance, and often she was alone. At those times I joined her, and we rambled leisurely over the grounds. We visited grottoes and water-falls and the curious caverns of the shore; we gathered flowers; we loitered at the way-side tables where the doctor, ever intent upon diverting the minds of his patients, had provided books and journals and materials for sketching. We lunched together in the dainty arbors where the same care had temptingly spread the open-air repast of bread and mandarin oranges and red wine.

One day we ventured apart from the beaten track,

"AS SHE LAY EXTENDED UPON THE STONE BENCH OF THE ARBOR."

THE HEATED TERM IN NEW YORK—SHOOTING A MAD DOG.—Drawn by I. Pranishnikoff, from a Sketch by S. D. Ehrhart.

and climbed one of the zigzag paths that thread the rocks. Here and there we encountered a chasm, over whose clefts, since the planned bridges were not yet built, we were forced to leap. She made these leaps with agile joyousness, refusing the help of my hand. Resting, perhaps, a finger lightly upon my shoulder, and then without assistance accomplishing, in advance of me, the feat, she would turn back smiling. At these moments I found her bright face rounded like a child's, innocent like a child's, yet penetrating and comprehensive like a woman's—altogether charming.

We came at noon to a half-finished summer-house deserted by the workmen. The place was solitary in the extreme, but we had that morning tacitly accepted solitude.

The resting-place was not only solitary but luxurious. The superb sea-view displayed phantasmagorial tints. A thousand flowers, such as the conservatories of my native land delight in, pressed with wild profusion to our feet. There reached us from a neighboring thicket not the singing but the tender cooing of birds.

It was here that she confided to me her extravagant love for delicious perfumes, and her peculiar sensitiveness to that order of influences.

"'Tis impossible for me," she said, "to avoid associating moral qualities with different odors. I am in truce with those heathen of the Orient who attribute to souls their characteristics of fragrance. Yes, I can almost say to some of my friends the lines of recognition made by Homer, I believe, for one of his heroes to Minerva:

"'I know that thou art near,
For I perceive thy divine fragrance.'"

These confessions of my companion I gathered, neutrally attentive, thinking they would assist me in an analysis I had begun to make of her specialty of attraction—an attraction of a sort I had by this time concluded is not often met with, and now for the first time entering my experience. I was not at that moment in the mood for analysis, but I mentally stored her revelations for future use.

Hardly had the words crossed her lips—so it seemed to me—when I witnessed a practical proof of her assertion, which made my position of solitary escort unexpectedly embarrassing. While I was gazing admiringly seaward, furtively feasting my disavowed power of enjoyment under the dual influences of enchanting scenery and soothingly sympathetic companionship, she suddenly caught my arm.

"We must go at once," she said, in a changed and faltering voice. "Let us hasten—away. I believe I am—fainting."

She had become perfectly pale; her eyelids drooped heavily; a blue thread settled about her lips. In another moment she was unconscious.

As she lay extended upon the stone bench of the arbor—I had the presence of mind to place her in that position—I became aware that she had been transformed by this perfect quiescence into another being. Had I seen her so, unaware, I should have failed to recognize her. She was still young and fair, but the rigidity of her features showed their mould to be more severely classical, more inherently forcible, than I could have imagined. I perceived then, what I learned thoroughly afterward, that the strength of her nature was veiled by a delicate sensitiveness of organization, causing a tremulous indefinableness in the impression. Her unique temperament enveloped her in an atmosphere that I have since compared to the pulsative, illusory air of the tropics, contrasted with the motionless ether of wintry climes.

I had observed that she wore at her belt a vinaigrette attached to a chain. A similar châtelaine has recently been adopted by fashion, but at that time it was a singularity. Coupling her confession with this provision, I applied the restorative, and she revived gradually, and ere long recovered.

She told me, as, leaning upon me, in willing acceptance, as we descended the rocks, of the assistance refused so blithely in the ascent, that she believed the strong scent of vervain, growing about the arbor in luxuriance, had caused her to swoon.

"You know now," she said, referring to our recent conversation, "that I was born sensitive to perfumes. There is no doubt but I shall die some day, like the bee—or beetle, was it?—'in aromatic pain.'"

An incident marred somewhat the plausibility of her explanation.

We had re-ascended the ridges and reached the jagged foot-path between the lemon-trees, when a stranger, a young dark-eyed Italian, who evidently had been descending the same path we were following, turned quickly and retraced his steps. He gave me a slight salutation as we passed, but did not glance at my companion. I felt her hand tremble on my arm. I saw the signs of faintness gathering again upon her face.

A dark suspicious thought swiftly crossed my mind. Part of it at least I uttered aloud. "Not the vervain this time," I believe I articulated.

"Do not be troubled," she said, gently; "I am not going to lose myself again."

She presently recovered so as to be completely sweet and gay, as her natural mood was; and I chided myself for my brief whim of distrust.

At evening she joined the dance as usual, but was taken ill that night, and did not re-appear for several days. In the mean time I had received letters from my friends, and had made arrangements to meet them at Monaco on the morrow.

The day—the first of her re-appearance, the last of my stay—was occupied by our household in an excursion, a picnic among ruins of the Roccobruno heights.

The donkeys, which were the moving spirits of the affair, as was discovered not only observantly but sarcastically during the jaunt, were ready at nine o'clock in the morning. From that hour until dusk we were employed in ascending and descending the crags, in making tea upon the heights over a fire of fir cones, and in exploring the ruins. During all this time, and evidently by her own contrivance, I had but one moment alone with her.

"Do you know," I said, in a reproving tone—for this indifference, after all our confidential rambles, piqued me—"that I am going away to-morrow?"

"Indeed," she said, carelessly; "so soon? The F——s too are going to-morrow"—naming a family of no interest to either of us. "But I think departures will not hurry mamma, she is so satisfied with our establishment here, and she has so religiously adopted all the sanitary theories of the doctor."

And here we were again separated.

At evening, oppressed by no enviable mood, I was in my own apartments, making my last preparations for departure, when a note in delicate handwriting was brought to me, begging my presence for a few moments in "mamma's room."

It was the mamma alone who received me. Her deep mourning, in contrast to the bright little parlor, crowded with bijouterie, where she was seated, was in accord with herself. She was as mournful, as prim, as unsympathetic, as sharply precise in aspect and ways, as her daughter—her niece rather—was not.

After preliminaries, felt by me to be preliminaries, she dashed, not boldly—for no such adverb could describe act of hers—but determinedly, *in medias res*, and asked me: "Can you not arrange to join your friends later, and go with us to Corsica?"

"To Corsica!"

"Let me confide in you. I know from our good doctor something of your history, and of your advantages of leisure. I flatter myself that I know something of the legible signs of character. I make you my confidant in order to implore your assistance. There is no other on this side the ocean who can help me. My husband can not arrange his affairs to join me for six months to come, and until he arrives I must bear the whole responsibility of the care of his niece, our adopted daughter. I say the whole responsibility, for I hardly consider her responsible. This is the sad, the confidential part of my dilemma, and the secret of my begging from you both help and counsel. You are kind enough to have interested yourself in the girl; your influence has been most beneficial; and you are not mistaken in admiring her. My niece is a lovely character; but, poor child, she has the misfortune to be subject to aberrations—moods, my husband calls them. I call them infatuations. From her birth she has had seasons of appearing as under a spell. In childhood these seasons were easily managed, but of late they have been more difficult to divert or control. And the present infatuation I frankly confess myself unable to cope with. You will be shocked when I tell you that this time—this time it is a—it is a man."

The mingled tone of mystery, annoyance, and holy horror with which the climax was asserted was, I am sure, really droll. But I was too fully in sympathy with her anxiety to relish the drollery.

My fancy seized the image of the dark-eyed Italian we had met among the lemon-trees in our last solitary ramble. Instantly in opposition to the jealous thought arose a sweet innocent image.

We were both for some minutes silent.

"You spoke of Corsica?" I suggested.

"Yes; I wish to remove her at once beyond possibility of flight. Seclusion is the only hope. I regret to say the lamentable affair has gone so far she has already had two interviews with her lover."

Two interviews with her lover! This exact information was fatal to all consoling conviction underlying my emotion of doubt. From that moment I abjured interested motive, and applied myself to a simply philanthropic work. I quenched a sensible pang of self-renunciation, and was ready willingly to assist in the preservation of a young creature beautiful as a day-dream, and perhaps not more perfidious than the majority of her sex.

The unsuspecting object of our concerted plans appeared on the morrow in a dejected frame of mind. Her eyelids were reddened by weeping. She had refused to go to Corsica, but was persuaded without difficulty to visit Monaco. Indeed, that suggestion inspired her vivacity, and she speeded our departure by her readiness.

At Monaco I learned what desperate resolve had formed itself beneath this enforced gayety. We had planned to visit the Casino at evening, and take the late cars to Nice, where hotel rooms had been engaged for us. This was on Tuesday, and our passage was secured upon a little steamer to leave Nice on Wednesday evening for "l'Île de Corse." We hoped to make the midnight departure from Monaco appear to our victim the plan of the moment, incident to an immediate return. Leaving the ladies for a few hours' rest, I joined my friends at the Casino; but neither the pleasure of meeting people I truly valued, nor the interest excited by the intense scene of that unique gaming hall, could ease for one moment the painful conflict of my thoughts. Returning at the hour appointed, with rapid steps, to my engrossing charge, my eyes were arrested midway of the route by two figures held stationary by earnest conversation, and withdrawn from the path into the shadow of a garden wall. The woman, a matronly figure, profusely wrapped, was unknown to me; but the man, whose face was turned toward me, I dimly recognized.

The recognition was of that sort which sometimes impresses itself upon the memory by association with emotion rather than with feature or form. "Where have I seen that face?" I asked myself, at the instant when I became sensible of a vague but not unfamiliar dismay.

I had gone on my way a few paces when I recalled the locality, then the identity, associated with my recollection. The man by the garden wall was no other than the young Italian met in the path under the lemon-trees that day of the fainting scene in the arbor embowered by vervain.

I glanced back, and saw the two figures hurrying in the direction of the cars. I am not sure that at the moment a suspicion seized me that the woman was in disguise; but I came to that startling presumption with cruel certainty when a pale and trembling matron met me upon the door-steps with the intelligence: "She is gone."

Half an hour later, having hastily arranged how mistress and maid should follow by post-chaise, I flung myself, at its last second at the station, upon the railway train for Nice.

It was when whirling through the endless tunnels of that never-to-be-forgotten way, in all the torturing assurance that I was following two reckless fugitives, one dear to me—so the hour taught me to believe, dear to me as my own life—that I formed for her rescue the daring plan which could only have been conceived by misery's own brain.

I said to myself: "The agency that has once produced insensibility can produce insensibility again. Providence has given into my hands the key for controlling the acts of a reckless girl. I must find means to envelop her in the atmosphere that will hold her unconscious until she can be removed from the scene of her willful danger. I must find means to arrest her flight, and approach her with this wonderful narcotic, and bear her in her sleep to safety. I must conjure for her saving the secret spell of vervain."

Between the time of the formation of that plan and the time of its execution each act and experience wherein I had part was unreal like a dream. The first scene approaching reality was one so powerful to seize upon every motive and interest of heart, and every affection and instigation of conscience, that I think while life lasts I shall never know again such a vital revelation.

We were on the deck of a dingy steamer, made more dreary by a stormy midnight, lighted only by broken flashes of lanterns flaring dimly through the rain. Upon the centre of the deck, under a wind-flapped awning, one central prostrate figure drew around it a throng of gazing faces darkening into the darkness.

Three of these faces the glare of a lantern, hung low upon the midmast, made prominent. The uncovered weeping face of a frantic maid, the bitter upbraiding face of a reproachful woman, and the face beautiful, angelically beautiful, but pale as marble, pale as death, the face of an unconscious girl, from whom but a moment ago had been torn away a smothering burden of vervain.

For hours all restoratives failed to recover her. In my agony of remorse my heart lay bare, I think, to spectators. But then and there I cared not who gazed, who mocked, who condemned me. I knew only that my daring plan had succeeded, but at such deadly venture that success was cruel, criminal. One twofold thought held possession of my soul—I had slain her, and I *loved her*.

If dawn is refreshing after night, if spring is gentle after winter, if life is precious after death, then refreshing and gentle and precious exceedingly was the air of Corsica, for it saved my darling.

For a fortnight, indeed, after the slow and painful awakening that left memory obscure, and dulled all finer sensation, we feared hourly a relapse, or at least a gradual sinking into hopeless decline. But the first day that she could be lifted from her bed into a carriage and be borne over the hills, the breath of the hedges, the breath of the *macchie*, lifted her to animation.

The breath of the macchie! Shall I ever forget it? The breath of the hedges, composed of I know not how many sweet herbs and flowers intricately and harmoniously blended into the one ravishing fragrance, in whose praise the exiled Napoleon sighed: "À l'odeur seule je devinerais la Corse, les yeux fermés."

Medicine that apprehends the coherent trait of ailment is the medicine that cures and revives. To the delicate organization sensitive to odor, and crushed—as the fine nerves of a master musician were smitten to swooning by the blast of the trumpet—crushed by the pressure of one too harshly intense perfume, this composite, pure refinement of tenderest fresh fragrance borne on the cool sea-air gave counteraction, and knitted up as with a thousand aerial stitches the ravage of the gross vervain.

We had been scarcely two months in Corsica when the cure had become not only complete but transcendent. Such a marvel of bloom and animation and soft brilliancy as she became in that isle of fragrance drew every eye toward her when she passed—drew every heart toward her.

Her aunt said to her one day, "You are a poor prophetess, my dear. You said that to come to Corsica would be to come into your grave; and now you find that you were never in all your life so well and gay as you have been here."

"But I prophesied truly," she replied, "for I came to Corsica in my burial. I came here dead—so it seems to me; so it will always seem to me." She arose from the window-seat where she had been sitting, crossed the room near me, and leaning her sunny head upon her aunt's shoulder, looked full into my eyes, as she continued:

"And this is not my life, not my old life. This is the new life—'paradiso,' 'nuova vita'—such as people find, perhaps, who cross the 'dark river' to the 'shining shore.'"

Looking full at me, and speaking from her eyes a language that made my heart beat wildly, as it had never beat before, "Next time," she said, "that I find myself sinking into despair, I shall say: 'Take courage, heart. Despair is only the black garden bed of Hope, that "cometh up as a flower".' Or, 'Despair is that "darkest hour just before day." Hope is the morning.'"

Her bloom, her animation, her indescribable lovingness and lovableness, culminated the day of our visit to the house of Madame Bonaparte—the birth-place of the hero whose idolized image we had found exalted everywhere in Corsica. We had long planned this visit, and we chose for it a perfect day.

But the enchanting weather, the novel scenery, the quaint town with its avenues shaded by orange-trees, and its people lazily grouped in the squares and loitering by the fountains, the garden court of Letitia's mansion, the mansion itself with its imperial reminiscences—all these leave but faintest trace upon the memory, compared with one event, slight indeed among the keepsakes of Ajaccio, but to me supreme.

We were in the reception-room of the house of the Bonapartes, she and I alone, her aunt having lingered in the dressing-room of madame to copy the inscription on the interesting "sedan-chair," and gossip of its tradition with our chaperon.

I was gazing across the little terrace, garnished with flower-pots, that opens from the parlor, and I was pondering for a moment upon the majestic history of the house, when she recalled me.

She had been counting the mirrors in the room. Their number was remarkable, and besides the larger ones in embrasures there were several small mirrors hung along the walls, set sconce-like with candlesticks.

She stood looking into one of these small mirrors, and approaching her, and bending down slightly, I looked into it over her shoulder.

Her eyes were fixed on the young and rosy vision of herself, quite unmindful, I think, of the august faces shown in that glass long ago, and not once turned upon the grave countenance bent above her shoulder, with an expression full enough, I am sure, of all a lover's ardor to have discomposed her, if she had so looked.

"This is little me," said her playful, deliciously soft-toned voice; "and where should I have been if we had not come to La Corse? My long illness has left a strange blank upon my memory—upon that one part of it between Mentone and Corsica. I just remember that in my dread of being killed by the spell of this enchanted place (for I had read of its wild perfume, and feared its fatal influence upon me)—in my dread, and unable to persuade my aunt to any relenting, I had planned an escape to England. I thought if I could only reach Nice, where my nurse, my good nurse-mother lives, I could find the means of returning home. I had even summoned my foster-brother—he is a croupier at Monaco—to visit me at the doctor's, and together we formed a plan of escape. If evil came, he should convey me to Nice, and help me."

She paused suddenly. Her eyes, which had rested but dreamily and unobservantly upon the image of her own face, were now lifted earnestly to the reflection of mine, and that reflection spoke—ah! what did it not speak?—of love, and passionate penitence, and adoring faith.

"Your foster-brother!" I had exclaimed, in an accent of rapture, perceptible even to my own ears. All my doubt, my sorrow, all the cloud upon my breast, were gone.

And what the little mirror above its enshrining candles reflected at that moment, and for a brief and blissful period following that moment, I do not know. I only know that I took my darling in my embrace. I know that her soft cheek rested against mine, and that I kissed it again and again as I explained to her, not in one sentence, as she had explained everything to me, but in many, many burning sentences, aflame from my long-pent love—explained everything to her: how I loved, and loved, and how I loved her.

We went home at twilight. We accepted the aunt's proposition to sit herself with the driver, who was also our host and good comrade, and for the first time in our many drives we occupied the carriage seat alone.

Clasping my darling in my arms, kissing her sweet cheeks again and again—her lips I dared not kiss, and indeed she would not let me kiss them until after we were married—clasping her in my arms, feeling her dear young radiant life nestling to my side, knowing that with perfect trust and perfect devotion I held her heart as she held mine, this is the memory that I have of our homeward drive, through twilight and through moonlight, across the lovely hills and fragrant fields.

THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

THE seventh annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, open to the world, occurred on Saratoga Lake, beginning July 9, and continuing three days. Over two hundred oarsmen, representing forty-one clubs, from all parts of the Union, participated, and the contest was one of the most exciting that ever took place in this country. Eleven States were represented, and Canada also sent her crew. Among the famous fours were the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, Atalantas, and Elizabeths, of Virginia. In the six-oared race were the Dauntless, Shawmut, and Mutual. The senior singles included Harvard, Atalanta, Triton, Elizabeth, New York, Athletic, and other well-known clubs. There were also famous oarsmen in the double sculls, pair-oar, and junior singles. WILLIAM B. CURTIS, Esq., of the New York Athletic Club, was the referee. The weather for the three days was superb, and the light breeze blowing with the rowers aided in making good time.

The first day's work resulted as follows: Walk-over for Cornell College, in 9 minutes 15 seconds; walk-over for LEWIS, of Cornell, in $11.54\frac{1}{4}$; pair oars, won by Olympic, of Albany, in $9.41\frac{3}{4}$; three trial heats, singles, won by MURRAY, of Elizabeth Club, Portsmouth, Virginia, in $11.35\frac{1}{2}$, RATHBONE, of New York Athletics, in $11.13\frac{1}{2}$, and FRANK E. HOLMES, Pawtucket, in $10.53\frac{1}{4}$; six-oared shell race between Shawmuts, of Boston, Mutuals, of

Albany, and Dauntless, of New York, won by the Mutuals, in 8.50.

The second day showed more brilliant work than the first. It was a field-day for Michigan, her representatives routing Northern, Eastern, and Southern men in all three trial heats for fours, besides taking a close second place in the doubles. Taking the races as they occurred, the Athletics, of New York, won the double scull, in $9.18\frac{3}{5}$; BURT BROWN, a mulatto, from Union Springs, won the first heat of the junior singles, and WILLIAM MURRAY, the second, in 10.27. The first heat of the four-oared shell race was won by the Wah-wah-sums, in $8.43\frac{1}{5}$, the second by the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, in $8.35\frac{1}{4}$, and the third by the Hillsdale crew, in $8.41\frac{1}{4}$.

The final struggles on the third day were very exciting. The honors were carried off by the New Orleans, Virginia, and Michigan crews. The final heat for junior singles was won by MURRAY, in $10.01\frac{1}{5}$, and the final heat for senior singles by HOLMES, of Pawtucket, in $9.46\frac{1}{5}$. But the great race of the day was the final heat of the four-oared shells. A little past noon the crews drew into line. A glance revealed the fact that only five were present, and that it was the tried and trusty Atalantas who were absent. It turned out that EUSTIS, the stroke, had received a slight touch of sunstroke the day before, and his misfortune prevented the crew from appearing. Those in line, numbering from the western shore, were the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, of Michigan, Elizabeths, of Virginia, Hillsdales, of Michigan, Mutuals, of Albany, and Wah-wah-sums, of Michigan. Thus the great West marshalled three champions against single representatives from the East and South.

At the end of the half mile the Wah-wah-sums fouled with the Mutuals, but, either ignorant of or indifferent to the fact that this had lost them the race, they still rowed on at a faster pace than ever. The famous "Shoes," over on the other end of the line, were quick to discover it, and determining to keep up, began one of their marvellous spurts. Next beside them in the race were the Elizabeths, and in their eagerness to outstrip the Wah-wah-sums, they carelessly steered into the water of the former crew. Rap, rap, again went four blades, and the wonderful "Shoes" were also technically disqualified. They too, like the Wah-wah-sums, did not permit this fact to deter them from rowing their best—or their worst, for the poorer their form, the faster they seem to get along. But now the Hillsdales—second edition of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes—began to repeat their marvellous performance of the previous day. Their oars flew back and forth with lightning-like rapidity, and their boat fairly jumped out of the water. At the end of three-quarters of a mile they led the Sho-wae-cae-mettes by half a length. The Elizabeths, Wah-wah-sums, and Mutuals were now apparently out of the race. Between the other two the last half mile was a series of desperate spurts. Both crews went through the water at a simply terrific pace. The line of finish ran diagonally across the narrow end of the lake. Just where it had its start from the west shore was a sort of little bay, and into this both the "Shoes" and the Hillsdales, in their hot haste, were steering. They were clearly a length and a half ahead of the Elizabeths, who slightly led the Wah-wah-sums, but the course they were taking would land them on the beach before they had crossed the line. The "Shoes" were first to discover the error, and sought to return to the right, skirt the strip of beach, and so cross the line. The Hillsdales were, however, close upon them, and a foul was the result. The oars of the two crews became entangled. This is the incident shown in our picture on page 604. Very quickly the "Shoes" got under way again, but while they still lacked a few feet of the finish, the Elizabeths, who had kept a proper course, crossed the line.

The referee decided that the Wah-wah-sums were disqualified for fouling the Mutuals, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes for fouling the Elizabeths, and that the other three crews should row the race over again. The second trial resulted in a victory for the Hillsdale (Michigan) crew in the unparalleled time on dead water of $8.32\frac{3}{5}$. The Mutuals came in second, at $8.41\frac{1}{4}$, and the Elizabeths at $8.42\frac{1}{5}$. In the evening, at Congress Hall, the prizes were delivered with pleasant congratulations and amid hearty cheers to the winners.

EDISON IN HIS WORKSHOP.

IT is utter, black midnight, and the stillness and awe of that lonely hour have settled upon the pleasant hills and pretty homes of the remote New Jersey village. Only one or two windows gleam faintly, as though through dusty panes, and the traveller directing his stumbling steps by their light, enters a door, passes to a stairway guarded by the shadows of strange objects, and gropes his way upward.

A single flaring gas flame flickers at one end of a long room, disclosing an infinite number of bottles of various sizes, carved and turned pieces of wood, curious shapes of brass, and a wilderness of wires, some straight, others coiled and spiral and kinked, the ends pinched under thumb-screws, or hidden in dirty jars, or hanging free from invisible supports—an indiscriminate, shadowy, uncanny foreground. Picking his way circumspectly around a bluish, half-translucent bulwark of jars filled with azure liquid, and chained together by wires, a new picture meets his bewildered eyes. At an open red brick chimney, fitfully outlined from the darkness by the light of fiercely smoking lamps, stands a roughly clothed gray-haired man, his tall form stooping under the wooden hood which seems to confine noxious gases and compel them to the flue. He is intent upon a complex arrangement of brass and iron and copper wire, assisted by magnets and vitriol jars, vials labelled in chemical formulæ, and retorts in which to form new liquid combinations. His eager countenance is lighted up by the yellow glare of the unsteady lamps, as he glances into a heavy old book lying there, while his broad shoulders keep out the gloom that lurks in all the corners and hides among the masses of machinery. He is a fit occupant for this weird scene; a midnight workman with supernal forces whose mysterious phenomena have taught men their largest idea of elemental power; a modern alchemist, who finds the philosopher's stone to be made of carbon, and with his magnetic wand changes every-day knowledge into the pure gold of new applications and original uses. He is THOMAS A. EDISON, at work in his laboratory, deep in his conjuring of Nature while the world sleeps.

The author of the quadruplex telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph was born at Milan, Ohio, in February, 1847, of parents whose ancestors came from Holland. Going to the public schools until the age of fourteen, he then began to sell newspapers upon the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway, and perceiving the advantage to be derived, conceived the idea of establishing bulletin-boards at the principal stations on his route, and telegraphing ahead the features of the morning's news, which in those war days were likely to be startling enough. Interest was excited, and his sales correspondingly increased. These bulletin-boards are a common institution on Western railways now, but his was the first. Next he wanted to do his own telegraphing, and so got an operator to teach him how. Then, to perfect his knowledge, he and a companion erected a line between their houses at their own expense, which was small, since young EDISON made every thing himself. To get the wire charged was the great difficulty; and not knowing that the sparks thus evolved were not the kind they needed, the two youthful electricians captured a wretched cat, tied the two poles of their circuit to opposite ends of the animal, and diligently rubbed the fur, right way and wrong. This, of course, was a failure, but the amateur line proved a success after all. Then young EDISON got some type and a press, set it up in the baggage-car, and printed the *Grand Trunk Herald* every day on the express train. When this came to an end, he put up a chemical laboratory in the baggage-car, and experimented until an explosion occurred which set the car afire, when he and his laboratory were ignominiously bundled out. After that he was employed as a railway telegraph operator, and then went to Cincinnati in the employment of the Western Union Company. It was here that his *penchant* for experimenting began to be so strongly manifested. Sleeping almost where night overtook him, and living upon the cheapest possible fare, he spent every penny of his salary in buying apparatus and material for his investigations. The results were that he patented the duplex machine, by which two dispatches could be transmitted on the same wire at the same time, and that he was discharged from his place for continually taking the company's instruments to pieces to try to improve them. From Cincinnati EDISON went to Louisville to receive the press reports at midnight. These come at the rate of forty words a minute, and must be taken off as they go by. EDISON was not proficient enough to do this, and therefore contrived an arrangement by which the paper on which the message was printed in MORSE'S characters should pass through a second machine, where an embossing point travelling over the indented paper should make and break the circuit so as to report in sound what the original machine had printed, but only at half the speed, so that he could easily record it. This went on a few weeks, until the printers complained of the lateness of their copy, and the ingenious operator was again discharged; but his invention was far more important than he suspected, for it was the parent of the phonograph.

In 1872 the quadruplex system of telegraphy was got into shape by him, by which four messages can be sent simultaneously on one wire, two one way and two the other, and which is in daily use now. This was quickly followed by other very important inventions, but the two which carried EDISON'S fame the farthest, and aroused such wide-spread popular interest in his work, are the telephone and the phonograph, both of which have been fully described in the journals of the day.

These with other patents now bring him in a large revenue, and the Western Union Telegraph Company pay him a good yearly bonus for the simple refusal of the first right to buy any and all of his discoveries which relate to telegraphy, so that his present annual income is perhaps $50,000. Though only thirty-one, Mr. EDISON'S tall form is somewhat bent with much stooping over his work, and his brown hair is streaked with gray. He wears no beard or mustache, and in rest would hardly be called a handsome man; but when he speaks, the face instantly speaks too, and the keen blue eyes, far apart, light up with quick and happy intelligence. Careless in matters of personal appearance, riding rough-shod over the factitious requirements of society, happy only in his laboratory and his home near by, reckless of money when applied to his scientific needs, regarding time as the one precious thing, EDISON is a man of such strong characteristics as make an indelible impress upon the world wherever he goes. He works, and always has worked, incessantly, and with all sorts of irregularity. Never fond of any athletic games, he had his amusement in experimenting, took his exercise in occasional fishing excursions, and finds recuperation in long deep sleep.

His laboratory is a wonderful place. Down stairs are his office and unpacking room, where are hosts of books, and his steam-engines and machinery, where the best workmen turn for him the delicate parts of iron and brass which are to be put together in his cunning constructions. Up stairs is the work-room. Plenty of windows give light and air and a pleasant view. Gearing from the engine can be attached any where needed. Telegraph wires run to New York and Washington, and a circuit of 3000 miles can be secured if necessary to ascertain whether some designed improvement which works well enough in the laboratory will cope with conditions of long out-door lines. Everywhere are the implements and evidences of his craft: a battery of 250 cells; a wilderness of insulated wires, so that anywhere and everywhere electrical attachments can be made; gas jets innumerable, the gas being made on the premises; telegraphic machines, simple, duplex, triplex, and quadruplex; a coil which will throw a spark nine inches; telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes. The tables are crowded with parts of new models and fragments of old machines. In one corner is a fine organ; in another a photographic kit; in a third a glass case of delicate material; all around the walls shelves full of chemical mixtures in little bottles, more than 2000 of which have been made and retained, labelled, by EDISON. In the middle of the room are several machines whose names end in *phone*, the biggest of which, naturally, is the megaphone, consisting of a tripod supporting two narrow hollow cones of paper, ending at the apex in rubber tubes. You put the tubes in your ear, go off a mile, some one speaks in an ordinary tone, and you hear it plainly. To conclude, there is an instrument so delicate as to detect the heat derived from the rays of a single star!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WITH royal honors the body of the young Prince Imperial of France was laid to rest in the little Church of St. Mary, at Chiselhurst, by the side of his father's dust. The British troop-ship *Orontes* carried the body of the Prince to Plymouth, where it was removed to the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, and conveyed to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, reaching there on July 11. Thence the remains were taken to Chiselhurst, and placed in the hall of Camden House. Early the following morning the Empress spent several hours beside the coffin, until, utterly exhausted by sorrow, she sank into troubled sleep, and was removed by friends. The funeral obsequies, on July 12, were solemn and impressive, the utmost respect being shown to the memory of the dead, and great sympathy toward the bereaved mother. The entire Woolwich garrison participated in the ceremonies, and there were present deputies from the French Military Academy, and many distinguished persons from Paris. Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice witnessed the long procession from a draped pavilion which had been erected on the grounds near Camden House. The pall-bearers were the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge, the Prince of Monaco, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. The chief mourners were Prince Jerome Napoleon and his two sons, Princes Victor and Louis. Many royal and distinguished personages followed the coffin, traversing the distance between Camden House and the church slowly, with demonstrations of profound respect and sympathy. In the procession, also, were the Prince Imperial's confidential servant, his English soldier-servant, and his Scotch valet; and Stag, the horse which the Prince rode the day he met his death in Zululand, draped in black netting, was led by a groom. The Princess of Wales, the Princess Mathilde, and other notable ladies were present at the church services, attired in deep mourning. In general details the funeral was conducted in accordance with military rules; the religious rites were chiefly performed by the Bishop of Southwark, solemn requiems being also chanted. The coffin was enfolded in the tricolor of France, and covered with magnificent flowers, some of which were sent by the Queen herself. Thus all England has publicly honored the memory of a prince who, independently of his rank and peculiar political position, won esteem from his amiable life and his courageous death; for his cruel wounds showed that when he found escape impossible, he turned and faced a score, at least, of savage spears.

The Signal Service thermometer tells us what the weather is high up in the air, but mortals do not often travel that route, and they know that it is hotter on the humbler path they tread. So they are inclined to believe that Hudnut's thermometer, in Broadway, is a more correct indicator of the condition of the atmosphere in the street than that upon the top of the Equitable Building. And when, on July 16, the Signal Service announced the maximum temperature to be 95° in the shade, and Hudnut's thermometer recorded 101°, everybody knew by his personal experience that it was at least 101° where he happened to be on that hottest day for three years.

The new Hospital Coffee-house at 420 East Twenty-sixth Street is now nearly completed, and promises to be indeed a useful charity. Thus far the building has cost about $13,000, and it is said that all the bills for it are paid. The ladies of the Bible and Fruit Mission say, however, that kitchen furniture is needed. If this is provided, they hope to be able to manage the running expenses.

A subterranean telegraph line from Cologne to Metz, a distance of two hundred miles, was laid in three months. It is to be extended to Strasburg.

It is somewhat doubtful whether the work of arranging the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the new building in Central Park will be completed by November, as was hoped a while ago. Nevertheless, the business is going on rapidly under the superintendence of General Di Cesnola. The antiquities of Cyprus will be arranged under the galleries of the large main hall of the first floor and in the small east halls opening off it. Also on the north side of the main hall will be placed the small statuary, busts, and inscriptions on stone; on the south side, terra cotta and earthenware. The larger statuary will be in cases in the east hall. Specimens of ancient Greek glass will be placed in the northern gallery along the side of the great main hall; in the corresponding gallery on the opposite side will be placed the Avery collection of Oriental porcelain, the Bryant vase, and the King collection of engraved gems bought recently by John Taylor Johnston, and held at the disposal of the Museum. There will be four picture-galleries. In one of them General Di Cesnola proposes to place a collection painted by deceased American artists. The Kensett collection is now in place on the east wall. The larger and inner gallery will be hung with modern pictures, and the east gallery with pictures by the old masters. The main hall on the ground-floor will be set apart for the collections illustrating industrial art now being formed under the superintendence of Professor Egleston, of Columbia College.

The Grand Hotel, in Paris, is to be sold at auction in August. It will be put up at 19,000,000 francs, with 6,700,000 francs additional for furniture, etc.

Switzerland is invaded by the phylloxera. The destructive insect made its appearance in Chambéry, Savoy, and rapidly spread over more than seventy-five acres of vineyards. Although immediate steps were taken to combat the scourge, great anxiety is felt in the adjoining French departments.

Ice goes up simultaneously with the thermometer—only the former stays up. The latter we hope and expect will fall.

It certainly is important that those persons who desire to go to Coney Island, Prospect Park, Greenwood Cemetery, etc., from Fulton Ferry, should in some way obtain needful information concerning the route. But if it is supposed that the vociferators who yell out some unintelligible jargon on the arrival of every ferry-boat convey any valuable information, a little consideration will dispel such an idea. We should judge that no such Babel exists in the country as is the vicinity of Fulton Ferry house, on the Brooklyn side, at certain hours of the day. What with newspaper boys, bouquet venders, lemonade peddlers, and street-car caterers, all screaming as loudly as possible, and the dreadful commingling of cars, carts, carriages, and bewildered people, it is a terribly confusing place.

A statement has just been issued by the War Department at Washington, giving the number of men supplied the Union army by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the rebellion. It shows that the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, divided as follows: Maine, 72,114; New Hampshire, 36,629; Vermont, 35,262; Massachusetts, 152,048; Rhode Island, 23,699; Connecticut, 57,379; New York, 467,047; New Jersey, 81,010; Pennsylvania, 366,107; Delaware, 13,670; Maryland, 50,316; West Virginia, 32,068; District of Columbia, 16,872; Ohio, 319,659; Indiana, 197,147; Illinois, 259,147; Michigan, 89,372; Wisconsin, 96,424; Minnesota, 25,052; Iowa, 76,309; Missouri, 109,111; Kentucky, 79,025; Kansas, 20,151; Tennessee, 31,092; Arkansas, 8289; North Carolina, 3156; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1080; Oregon, 1810; Washington Territory, 964; Nebraska Territory, 3157; Colorado Territory, 4903; Dakota Territory, 206; New Mexico Territory, 6561; Alabama, 2576; Florida, 1290; Louisiana, 8224; Mississippi, 545; Texas, 1965; the Indian Nation, 35,030. The troops supplied by the Southern States were, with the exception of those of Louisiana, nearly all white. Florida supplied two regiments of cavalry; Alabama, one white régiment; Mississippi, one battalion; and North Carolina, two regiments of cavalry.

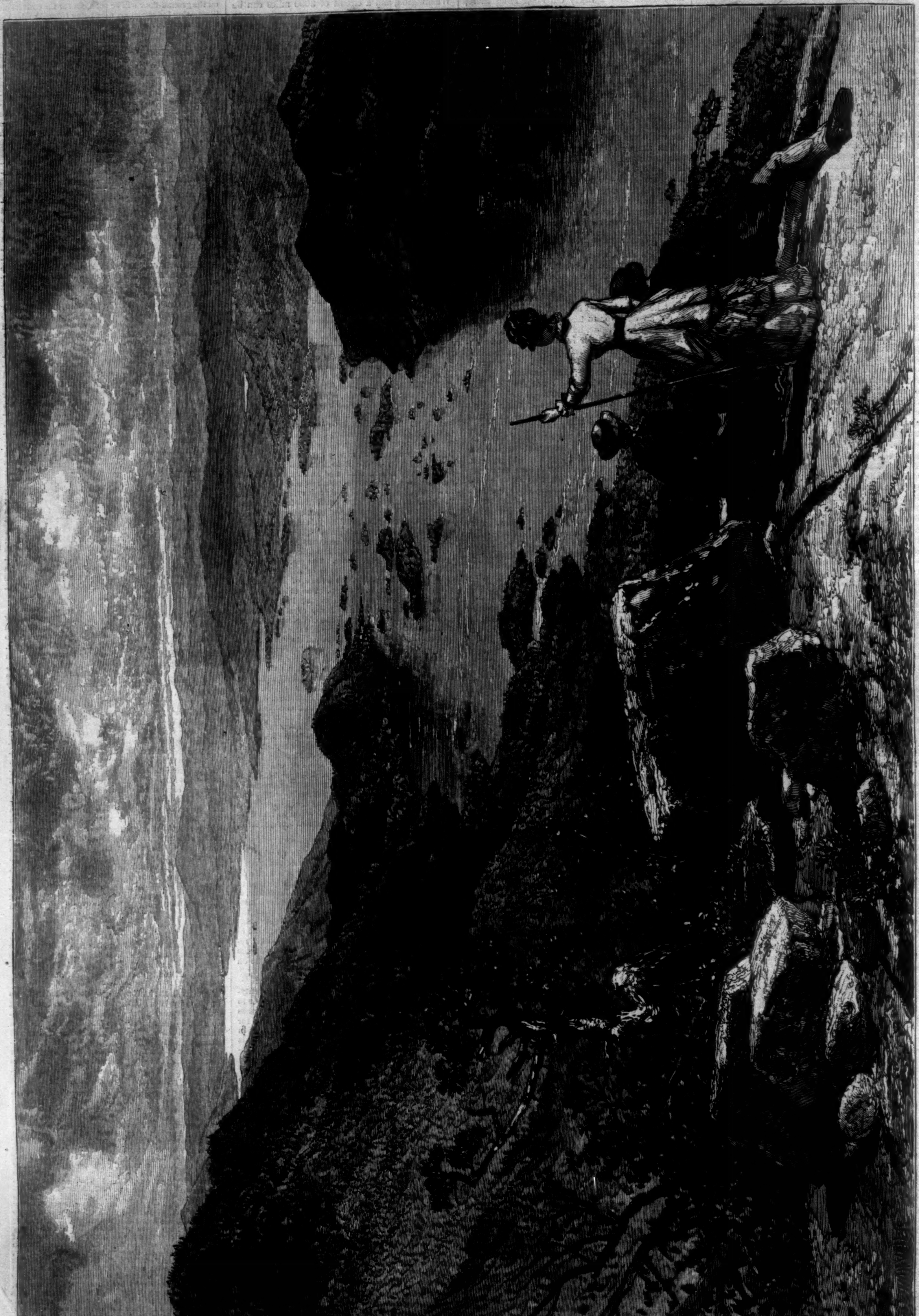
Now if this is true, the farming world can not know it too soon. The Troy *Times* says that a farmer who has had ten years' experience in Colorado claims to have found a sure remedy for the potato-bug scourge. His plan is simply to plant one or two flax-seeds in each hill of potatoes. The bugs will shun these hills, and thus he has been successful in raising potatoes when others have failed. It is an easy matter to try this remedy.

The *Solano* is a monster ferry-boat which is now being built at West Oakland by the Central Pacific Company. She is intended to run between Martinez and Benicia. By this route the distance between San Francisco and Sacramento will be but eighty-five miles, instead of 140 miles *viâ* Livermore, and 151 miles *viâ* San Pablo. The *Solano* is 424 feet in length; width over guards, 116 feet. She will have two vertical-beam engines, and eight steel boilers, and four rudders at each end worked by a hydraulic steering apparatus, operated by an independent steam-pump. The engines work independently, each moving one wheel. The boilers are placed upon the deck, to prevent the escaping steam from rotting the wood. The hold is divided into eleven water-tight compartments, which render the boat less liable to sink, and also strengthen her. Four tracks will be placed upon her decks, which will accommodate forty-eight freight cars, or twenty-four passenger coaches. Her slips will be provided with aprons 100 feet in length, which will admit of cars being taken aboard without uncoupling from the engine.

The last letter of Charles Dickens, dated June 8, 1870, has been presented by Mr. Charles Kent to the British Museum, where, it is believed, it will before long be on view among the cases devoted to the exhibition of interesting autographs of eminent persons.

A prayer in the handwriting of the late Prince Louis Napoleon has been found among the papers in his desk at Camden Place. It is published by the London *Morning Post*, which adds: "The elucidation of his high character alone justifies the publication of a sacred document, which will prove to the world how intimately he was penetrated with all the feelings which most become a Christian, and which give higher hopes than are afforded by the pains and perils of this transitory life." The following is a translation:

"My God! I give to Thee my heart, but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Hear, O God! my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God! my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me. Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy. Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought, while I rejoice, those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering. For me, O God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn, and how sad the thought that makes one say, 'Time effaces all!' The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts forever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. O my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always. Arrived at the term of my life, I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy. Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my innermost thoughts shall never make them blush."



LAKE GEORGE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM BLACK MOUNTAIN.—Drawn by J. D. Smillie.—[See Page 610.]

CATCHING MOSS-BUNKERS.

The capture of the bad-smelling little moss-bunker, called in stately parlance the menhaden, has grown to be one of the important industries of our Atlantic coast. Our artist has given us two picturesque sketches of fishermen on the look-out for a chance to gather in a harvest of these humbly useful little fish. One has mounted an eminence, to watch for a school to appear; the other waits with the seine piled up upon his cart for the signal to tell him that there is an opportunity to spread the great net with reasonable hope of reward. The moss-bunker is, indeed, a fish of great economical value—as much so, perhaps, as any other on our coast. This is not on account of its flesh, however, for, although it may be eaten, its multiplicity of bones makes it anything but a pleasant dish, but because of its use to farmers as a fertilizer, and on account of the quantity of oil obtained from it.

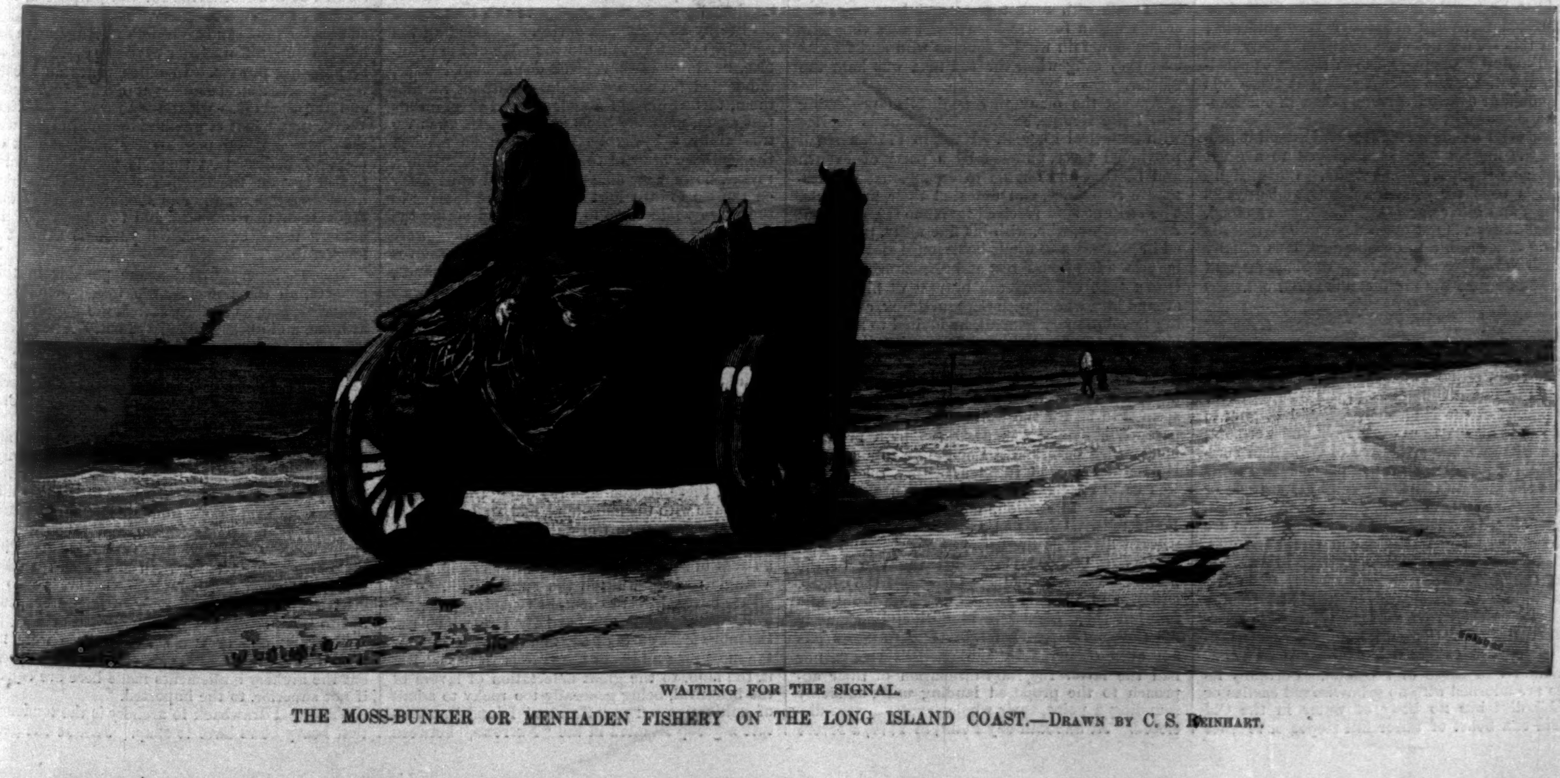
Never was a small creature endowed with more names than the moss-bunker. The *Brevootia menhaden* of the naturalist is variously known as the "bug-fish" in the Carolinas, the "fat-back" or "yellow-tail" of North Carolina and Virginia, the "moss-bunker" of New Jersey and New York, the "skippaug" or bunker of Coney Island, the "white-fish" or "bony-fish" of Connecticut, the menhaden of Martha's Vineyard, the "hard-head" of Massachusetts Bay, and the "pogy," "porgy," "poghaden," "panhaden," or "panhagen" of the Maine coast. Varying in length from eight to fourteen inches, it weighs from ten to twenty ounces, strikes the Southern coast in April, reaching Montauk about the first week in May, and spawns shortly after coming inshore, in this respect much resembling in its habits, as also in the size and nature of its spawn, its cousin the herring.

The countless schools of moss-bunkers seen everywhere on our Atlantic coast represent a species quite equal in number to any other of the same size belonging to our fauna. In such myriads do they sometimes come that veteran fishermen now living testify to having sailed for forty miles within sight of one vast school. Every bay and river mouth along our coast is filled with them every summer, and they can everywhere be taken with the greatest ease. The schools swim at the surface, their dorsal fins projecting above the water, and keeping it in such agitation as to be readily discernible at a great distance. They are generally followed by blue-fish, sharks, and other predacious creatures, which create such havoc in their ranks that the gulls are said frequently to follow in their wake to feed upon the fragments left behind. The fishermen about Greenport, when in pursuit of moss-bunkers, lie some distance off shore with two seines, each resting on a different boat, provided with its crew. When a school is seen of sufficient size to warrant the trouble, the joined ends of the net are dropped into the water, and as the boats separate they make a turn and inclose the fish. The ends of the net are then carried toward the shore, and the whole catch drawn in by means of a windlass.

Within a few years steamers have been employed in the capture of moss-bunkers. These vessels are usually swift, compact, and powerful, costing from $7000 to $40,000 each. They have generally one mast, used principally as a derrick; but can hoist a foresail and jib in case of disaster to their machinery, and make a port to leeward under favorable circumstances. Most of them have a small hoisting engine on deck, by means of which a large dip net of several barrels capacity rapidly dips up its helpless victims and discharges them into the yawning hold of the steamer. From three to five hundred barrels an hour can thus be discharged—a rapidity of the utmost importance, as the nets used by the fishermen are of an immense size, and are made of the best material, furnished with the most exact and costly fittings, and a change in the weather is almost sure to result in the loss of the fish, and very possibly in that of the seine also.

The moss-bunker had been in use for a long period before it was observed by farmers that it yielded an abundance of oil which assimilated but slowly with the soil. In 1830, it is said, an old lady in Maine, having a great stock of poultry, conceived the idea of supplying them with cheap food by boiling up menhaden; and noticing the abundance of oil on the surface of the mash, skimmed it off, bottled it, and sent it to Boston, where it was bought by Mr. E. B. Phillips, the pioneer in this branch of trade. He made inquiries about the supply of the fish, and the regularity and duration of their visits

THE SIGNAL—FISH IN SIGHT.



WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

THE MOSS-BUNKER OR MENHADEN FISHERY ON THE LONG ISLAND COAST.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

to the coast, and found the testimony to their abundance, general good condition, and long stay most satisfactory and unequivocal. He proceeded to supply to various parties desiring to embark in the new business a simple outfit of kettle and a cheap but powerful press known as the screw-and-lever press. Within a short time the oil had become quite a popular article in the Boston market, and a number of men were in different years employed in this business along the shores of Cape Cod and further west and south. The fish were taken chiefly in seines along shore, and whale and seine boats were used in catching, and not unfrequently to convey the crew and "plant" to points more favored than the one originally selected. The newly caught fish were boiled in large iron kettles, similar to those once used in rendering whale oil; and the cooked scrap being allowed to cool, the supernatant oil was dipped off, and the residue used for composting, or thrown back into the sea.

Recently the capture of moss-bunkers has grown to an important business. The steamers go out upon their quest, and having procured a load, return to the oil factories, where the fish are discharged into cars running on a tramway level with the second floor of the building. These cars discharge their burden into huge tanks holding from sixty to one hundred barrels each, which are then filled one-third with water, and steam turned on. At the end of an hour the albumen of the fish is coagulated, the oil cells are broken up, and the whole reduced to a pasty mass, which is subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 100 tons to the square inch, the oil and water thus expressed flowing into vats, from which the oil is drawn off, clarified, and barrelled for the market. The residue, called "chum," or scrap, still contains from fifty to sixty parts of water and from twelve to twenty of oil, both of which must be removed to fit it for use as a cattle food or fertilizer, for it is utilized for both purposes. From every barrel of menhaden, estimated at 195 pounds of fish, the manufacturer should receive about two and a half gallons, or eighteen and three-quarter pounds, of oil, and eighty pounds of fresh scrap, showing a loss to the barrel of ninety-six pounds of water extracted by the presses.

As the industry grew in importance various methods were tried for extracting the largest amount of oil. A recently patented process reduces, it is said, the loss from fifteen to two per cent. It consists simply of maceration in an excess of hot water, and re-pressing. An estimate of the gain to the Maine factories alone, providing this process is generally adopted, is estimated at 4,000,000 pounds or 533,000 gallons of oil yearly, worth, at current market prices, about twenty-eight cents per gallon. This would be a saving of $159,240 for the yearly catch of Maine even at the present low rates.

It would be somewhat difficult to detail all the uses to which the oil produced by this fishery is applied, but a few of them may be detailed here to show the wide range of application. Like cod-liver oil, it is largely used by tanners in "stuffing" leather, in conjunction with certain proportions of tallow, paraffine, wax, or other similar substances. This of course fills the pores, neutralizes every excess of alkali left by previous processes, and leaves the skin soft and pliable. Menhaden oil also enters largely into the composition of "oil soap," used in clearing and scouring wools, is largely consumed in mining districts in the small miner's lamp carried on each man's head-covering, and forms an excellent substitute for linseed-oil when deep colors and durability are more desirable than fine tints and delicacy of tone. Hence, for the painting of vessels, houses, fences, and other out-of-door work, menhaden oil is and can be legitimately substituted, all the more that from its excess of "body" the pigments used are certain to remain firmly fixed and to receive a glossy finish. Still, the adulteration of linseed-oil with this article is but too common; it often spoils the effect of the best whites, and other light in-door work, and should not be tolerated. The clarified oil now sells at about thirty-four cents per gallon, and, like "cotton-seed oil," is said to be largely used as an adulterant of, or substituted for, olive and other vegetable oils; but of this we are not certain, knowing only that the oil is now brought to a high degree of excellence, sweetness, and purity, and that these oils are quoted at nearly the same prices in our leading trade journals.

Besides its use as a fertilizer and the oil it produces, the moss-bunker is employed to a great extent as a bait for other fishes. Chopped up fine, it is used for eels in eel-pots, and attracts blue-fish and other species. When used as food, which, however, is not often done unless there is nothing else eatable to be obtained, it is usually skinned to remove the oily layer of black fat, and at the same time the backbone is taken out.

OUR AMERICAN COMO.

The picturesque and beautiful body of water which lies but a few miles to the northward of the sources of the Hudson River, and helping to divide the two States of New York and Vermont, is one of the most attractive of American summer resorts. Although it has never drawn to its shores the gay crowds that gather at Saratoga or seek the refreshing ocean breezes at Long Branch, it presents a fascinating refuge to those who are weary of heat and bustle, fashion and frivolity, and find peculiar rest and enjoyment in dwelling amid the lovely scenery and gazing upon the calm waters of an inland lake. Lake George has been called by visitors familiar with European resorts the "Como of America," while others compare it to the beautiful lakes of Westmoreland and those of Scotland. Certainly its sides are adorned with no grim-visaged castles or ivied halls; but no body of water in the Old World can boast of fairer hill slopes or lovelier bays and islands, and none is richer in historical associations.

To attempt even a slight description of the most attractive points upon the shores of this beautiful lake, or an allusion to the often terrible events in our early history of which they formed the background, would be impossible in a short article; but in connection with the engraving on page 608 we will recall a few of the most picturesque spots, and the famous transactions with which they are associated. When our country was young, one struggle after another took place upon the banks of Lake George. Here, as elsewhere, the forest primeval resisted the pioneer's axe and the agricultural instinct of the settler. Here the tomahawk of the Indian spread desolation where civilization had planted her flag, and again fell back before the bayonet. Here the French struggled with the English for proprietorship in the Indian's land, and here the English colonists contended with the mother country for freedom.

In order to obtain an extended view of Lake George, the visitor must perforce climb some one of the mountains on its border. If he be wise, he will select Black Mountain, whose summit has recently been made most delightfully accessible by the enterprise of Mr. Cyrus P. Butler, through whose exertions, and those of the gentlemen associated with him, a road has been carried to the very top of the great hill. Black Mountain raises its magnificent bulk 2340 feet above Lake George, and 2650 feet above tide-water. In former years adventurous tourists occasionally found their way through the dense woods and over the rough rocks that cover its sides, but it was a long and exceedingly toilsome journey. In the summer of 1878 a large force of men were set at work, and by autumn the road was completed and opened to the public. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the undertaking, an excellent bridle-path four miles in length was constructed from the landing at Black Mountain Point along the steep sides of precipices and through the dense forests to the top, so that the ascent can now be made on foot and on horseback with ease and safety. From the summit the scene is one of great variety. Besides the lake at the mountain's base, Champlain may be seen stretching away toward the north; in the south may be seen the Hudson, glittering like a silver thread; in the northwest are the Adirondacks; and away in the east are the verdant mountains of Vermont.

The summit of Black Mountain is, indeed, the place to study the wonders of Lake George. From this point, looking to the southwest, the southern half of the lake, the subject of our illustration, is seen. At the extreme end, at a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles, is Caldwell; beyond which rises Prospect Mountain. Still farther to the right, and back of two or three long islands, perhaps seven or eight miles distant, Bolton lies in a witching and easily accessible seclusion. The little sheet of water higher up and beyond is Trout Lake, about three miles from Bolton. Tongue Mountain now stretches down into the landscape, entirely hiding from view Northwest Bay. Near the right-hand extremity, and at the foot of Tongue Mountain, upon a little promontory known as French Point, stands a hotel almost hidden among the trees. The long point stretching into the lake from the left, and opposite to Tongue Mountain, is Shelving Rock. At its foot may be seen three landing-places, all well known to visitors at Lake George. The farthest one is Fourteen-mile Island, the next is Hundred Islands, and the third is Pearl Point. Between Shelving Rock and Tongue Mountain lie the islands made so familiar to all by pen and pencil. The point of mountain rising over the continued line of Shelving Rock, and near the extreme left of the picture, is Buck Mountain, the next highest point on Lake George to Black Mountain. To the north, a smooth-spreading, opalescent floor, is the upper half of Lake George, Sabbath-day Point and Anthony's Nose projecting into it from opposite sides, while Rogers's Rock forms the northern or lower end. The summit of Black Mountain itself is not without picturesqueness: on the north side a precipitous wall with rock turrets and buttresses descends into a forest, whose glad leaves sing now to the mountain wind a song as wild and free as ever they sang when the red man was here the master.

Among the many tiny peninsulas projecting into Lake George, Sabbath-day Point is replete with historical interest. Here, in 1756, a small provincial force, pursued by a party of French and Indians, and unable to escape, made a desperate resistance, and defeated their assailants. The strip of land received its name from General Abercrombie, who, with his fine army, transported in bateaux and whale-boats, once disembarked here for a few hours' rest and refreshment. Lord Howe here collected the bravest of his officers around him, whom, with Captain Stark, afterward the Revolutionary general, he invited to sup with him. At the feast the subject under discussion was the strength of Fort Ticonderoga, which they were about to assail. Those who were present have told how deeply solicitous Lord Howe seemed to be for the welfare of the army. Apparently his mind was possessed by a presentiment which he found it impossible to shake off. How sadly it was fulfilled history relates. It was early on Sunday morning when the troops were again in motion, and thus Sabbath-day Point received its name. One of the officers present describes the scene as "a splendid military show." Lord Howe led the van of the flotilla. The regular troops occupied the centre, and the provincials the wing. The night was fair, but their oars were muffled, and so quietly did they move forward that their progress was not even observed by the enemy's scouts, nor had the latter the least intimation of their approach to the proposed landing until, suddenly rounding a point, their whole numbers were disclosed. At Sabbath-day Point, in 1776, a severe battle occurred between a party of American militia of Saratoga County and a party of Tories and Indians. Both were scouting parties, and their unexpected meeting gave rise to a serious encounter. The Americans were signally victorious, having killed and wounded about forty of the enemy.

Ticonderoga, or "Old Ti," as it is familiarly called, which Abercrombie planned to attack upon Sabbath-day Point, lies half way between the two lakes, George and Champlain. Here the visitor should not fail to make his way, although he can not do so by boat, if only to inspect the time-honored ruins of the most famous fortress connected with the Revolution. Ticonderoga was erected by the French in 1756, and was called by them Carillon, signifying a chime. The Indians applied to it the name of Cheonderoga, an Iroquois word signifying "sounding waters," on account of the rushing waters at the outlet of Lake George. It was known only by its Indian name until 1763, at the close of the French and Indian war. The ruins are situated on a peninsula comprising about five hundred acres, and at an elevation of about one hundred feet above Lake Champlain. It was a very safe and secure fortress, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a swamp, and the only approachable point was defended by a breastwork. It was, however, commanded by Mount Defiance, on the south side of the creek or outlet, which rises at an elevation of 750 feet above the lake. General Burgoyne's troops, to the utter astonishment of the little garrison stationed at the fort, appeared on the summit of this mountain July 4, 1777, and so completely were they in his power that General St. Clair fully justified an immediate retreat, which he effected under cover of the night.

A fortress which, though its fame may not be equal to that of Ticonderoga, was the scene of many an interesting event, once stood at the head of Lake George, just as "Ti" mounted guard near its outlet. Nothing now remains of Fort William Henry except a few mounds and shallow ditches. The general appearance of the grounds scarcely denotes that they were ever the scene of bitter warfare, for, with the exception of a time-worn well, nothing indicates the former presence of men or armies. Yet several fierce encounters took place near this very spot, and here occurred the bloody massacre by the Indians of a party of English soldiers, commanded by Colonel John Parker, during the French war. Fort William Henry was originally levelled by Montcalm, and time has abetted the French general's efforts at destruction. Fort George was built as a substitute on a more commanding site. It was but a quarter of a mile distant, and erected upon a sloping eminence. The material for its construction was also close at hand, being a dark limestone or black marble, which covers the surface or protrudes abruptly above it. The east wall still stands, about twenty feet in height, and preserving its original appearance. Fort William Henry is now replaced by the hotel which bears its name, the largest upon the borders of the lake. The great building is from four to six stories in height, and has a frontage of 334 feet. Upon the broad piazza hundreds of guests gather every summer, there to view at their leisure the beauties of lake and hill slope which surround them on every side.

That our beautiful American lake has something to boast of in the way of legend and tradition is proved by Rogers's Rock, or, as it is frequently called, Rogers's Slide. This is a smooth steep precipice of naked rock, inclining at a sharp angle, in the face of the mountain. It forms a prominent object from the lake, and in 1757 was called "Bald Mountain." At the foot of the Slide the water is quite deep. According to the traditions, it received its present name from the fact that Rogers, the ranger, was once surprised here by the Indians, and made his escape upon the ice. The latest version of the story runs somewhat as follows: In the winter of 1758 Rogers was surprised by some Indians while out on a scout, and put to flight. Shod with snow-shoes, he eluded pursuit, and coming to this spot, saved his life by an ingenious device. Descending the mountain until he came to the edge of the precipice, he threw his haversack down upon the ice, unbuckled his snow-shoes, and without moving them, turned himself about, and put them on his feet again, with the heels in front. He then retreated by the way he came, until he reached the southern brow of the rock, where he found a ravine, down which he escaped, and sped away on the ice toward Fort George. The Indians in the mean while came to the spot, and seeing the double set of tracks, concluded that they were made by two persons, who had thrown themselves down the cliff rather than fall into their hands. But on looking about, they saw Rogers disappearing in the distance on the ice, and believing that he had slid down the cliff, concluded that he was under the special protection of the Great Spirit. This conviction finally impressed itself upon them with such force that they gave up the chase.

The task of exploring the various islands of Lake George is one that might easily and delightfully employ a whole summer vacation. In number they are 365, and lie scattered irregularly over its surface, here crowded together in groups, there stretching away along the shore in similitude with the main-land, and again rising in isolated domes from the water. Some are quite large—Long Island, for instance, which embraces an area of seventy acres—while others consist of a single rock glinting in the sunshine. Almost all are covered with exuberant vegetation, mainly evergreens. Some are partially cleared, as are the more level parts of the main shores; but for the most part all about the lake is as nature left it, the land, to the great delectation of lovers of the beautiful, being generally too rocky to admit of cultivation. The "Hundred Islands" constitute a group situated in the "Narrows," between Tongue Mountain and Shelving Rock. They form a charming archipelago, within whose mazes the visitor glides from one pleasant surprise to another, finding innumerable little coves and bays and pretty winding channels with overhanging trees. The Hundred Island House, a handsome new hotel which will accommodate from seventy-five to a hundred people, is located on the main shore, and with its forest surroundings and exquisite views forms a most delightful resort.

Popular as Lake George is, and in spite of the fact that its beauties have suffered little at the hands of prosaic mortals like him who saw in Niagara only the requisite power for turning saw-mills and a place for washing sheep, there has recently been an association organized for the purpose of enhancing its attractions, and preserving them from any manner of spoliation. The secretary and moving spirit of this society is Mr. Butler, to whom allusion has already been made in connection with the Black Mountain road, and who is the author of numerous designs for improvement to be carried out in time. The objects of the association can not, however, be better explained than by quoting the second article of its constitution:

"The purposes for which this association has been formed are the mutual benefit, protection, prosperity, and enjoyment of its members, and of all who may come to sojourn on the lake; the stocking of the waters with the best fish, and the maintaining a proper maximum supply thereof; the protection of game in accordance with the laws in force, and to secure the passage of proper laws in connection therewith, and their enforcement; the securing of faithful gamekeepers; the establishment of a Home on one or more islands, or elsewhere, which may include a museum, library, art gallery, halls for entertainments, etc.; promoting the construction of pleasure and other drives; giving direction and expression to the architecture; securing surveys of the waters, and the establishing of danger signals, whereby amateur pilots may steer their craft in safety; preventing nuisances; promoting and maintaining the highest possible sanitary condition of the lake and surroundings, and a proper police; the publication of a journal; securing the holding of meetings of reputable societies, associations, clubs, conventions, courts, regattas, fairs, art and industrial exhibitions, concerts, dramatic, scientific, and other wholesome entertainments; and in general to attract to the lake all persons who love nature, and who can come to enjoy its matchless resources, consistent with 'the everlasting fitness of things.'"

We have lingered upon the fascinating borders of beautiful Lake George until the want of space in our columns makes further wandering in this enchanted land impossible. Nothing remains but to hope that the interest of the reader has been sufficiently stimulated to lead him to consult the latest issue of *Harper's Magazine*, where Mr. Benjamin's delightful article and Mr. Smillie's exquisite sketches portray many beauties that could not even find mention here. Yet, withal, worded description and wood-engraving art can do little toward revealing the wonderful attraction of this beautiful lake. The true plan for each, if he may adopt it, is to break away from serious occupation and worldly care, and spend at least a few days wandering upon its picturesque borders, and sailing over its fair waters.

ARCHERY IN AMERICA.

Three years ago archery in this country was very little practiced, and to the majority of people this royal sport was entirely unknown. The charming articles of the Thompson brothers in *Harper's Monthly*, which appeared about that time, aroused the curiosity of a nation naturally fond of out-of-door sports, and the taste for shooting with the long-bow spread like wildfire from one end of the country to the other. Dealers were put to their wits' end to supply the demand, and the stock even in England was soon exhausted. Now there are hundreds of clubs organized, and in the beginning of this year a National Association was formed at Crawfordsville for the purpose of aiding and encouraging archery. Those not acquainted with the range and accuracy of a long-bow in the hands of a skillful archer would be astonished at its shooting powers. In olden times an archer would pierce a steel corselet at one hundred yards, and the Spaniards when they invaded the New World found that at one hundred and fifty paces the Indians would pierce their heaviest coat of mail. I believe that there is yet an old unrepealed law on the English statute-books which imposed a fine on any one shooting at a less distance than two hundred and twenty yards. In modern times, one hundred yards is about the longest range.

When archery first became popular in this country, all the bows, arrows, targets, etc., were imported, and, as before stated, the supply both at home and abroad soon gave out. A few dealers tried to manufacture the necessary implements, but, owing to want of proper woods and experience, their goods were not up to the mark. It requires wood well seasoned for both bows and arrows; none other will answer.

The principal woods used for bows abroad are yew, lance-wood, snake-wood, greenheart, hickory, rose-wood, and locust. Spanish yew is considered the choicest, and a first-class bow of that wood is worth from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Next in value comes Italian, and then English yew. Lance-wood, and lance-wood backed with hickory, are used more than any other; snake-wood, either as a self or backed bow, is also a great favorite, but it is a short-grained wood, and apt to break.

The first one or two seasons there were no bows or arrows made in this country, but at present the archery implements made here are equal, if not superior, to the imported.

The great drawback to archery is the tendency that heavy bows have to snap. Just as one gets

used to a favorite bow, it goes to pieces when least expected; the price paid seems to make little difference, only the heavier the pull, the sooner it breaks. A gentleman of New York has invented and patented a bow made of split bamboo, which promises to overcome this difficulty. It has all the even pull of the yew, with increased power and elasticity. The inventor and many prominent archers claim this bow to be absolutely unbreakable. Breaking strings, so fatal to bows of wood, do not harm this split bamboo in the least, nor is there any danger in using thirty-inch arrows. A great many wooden bows are broken by their owners using too long arrows: twenty-eight-inch arrows for six-feet bows, and twenty-five-inch arrows for five-feet and five-feet-and-a-half bows, are the proper lengths.

The National Archery Association, which is composed of a number of the leading clubs, has adopted the following rules, and if all clubs would conform to them, it would add very much to the interest and uniformity of the sport:

Targets shall be forty-eight inches in diameter, and when placed on the stand the centre of the gold shall be four feet from the ground.

The diameter of the gold shall be nine and six-tenths inches, the other rings each four and eight-tenths inches wide. Value of gold, nine; red, seven; blue, five; black, three; white, one.

An "end" shall consist of three arrows.

All clubs should adopt a color and a badge.

Either of the following rounds shall be shot at all matches.

The "York Round"—consisting of seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards, forty-eight arrows at eighty yards, and twenty-four arrows at sixty yards.

The "American Round"—consisting of thirty arrows at each of the following distances: forty, fifty, and sixty yards.

The "Columbia Round" (for ladies)—consisting of twenty-four arrows at each of the following distances: thirty, forty, and fifty yards.

Arrows are of as much importance as the bows, if not more; they should be straight, well feathered, and for short distances rather heavy. The great trouble with archery as practiced here now is that people make too much of a toy game of it, and consequently soon lose all interest in it. Ladies should commence with bows pulling not less than twenty-five pounds, and men from forty to fifty pounds.

There is neither pleasure nor exercise in standing within a few feet of a child's target and popping in arrows. Let the archer pull a heavy bow, and send the arrow with a loud thud into a forty-eight-inch target at from fifty to one hundred yards, and he will find both pleasure and profit in it. It is astonishing how a few weeks daily practice will expand the chest, strengthen the muscles, and bring color to the cheeks. There is no exercise to be compared to it for both ladies and business men. Horseback-riding, rowing, and the like can be only practiced by the few; rifle-shooting is no exercise at all; neither is croquet; dumb-bells and rowing-machines soon get to be very tiresome; but archery can be practiced by all, young and old, weak or strong, and the more one shoots, the more fascinating it becomes.

I will now try to give to those who wish to become archers a few practical directions. The advice one reads in books, as a rule, is too extended and general for the majority of beginners; a great many little things are left out which are very important to those who wish to become accurate shots. I have spent weeks trying to overcome some fault in shooting which, had I known the cause, could have been corrected in a few moments. For instance, one day I found my arrows suddenly zigzagging in the most extraordinary manner, and falling short of the target. I tried my best to overcome it, but to no purpose, until I used my grease-box; a little lubricant on my knuckle-tips stopped it at once. It was caused by too much friction between my fingers and the string at the moment of loosing the arrow. Another common fault is to find the arrows flying wide of the target, and to the left. Perhaps, after improving gradually for a few weeks, one will feel discouraged by this mysterious wild shooting, which no perseverance of the archer can overcome, and which has caused many to give up the sport altogether. It comes from an almost imperceptible twitching of the hands when loosing the arrow, and can be corrected only by using a stronger bow. The improvement will be instantaneous.

We will now suppose a few persons, knowing nothing of archery, wish to organize a club. The most economical way is to buy a couple of four-feet targets and six-feet stands, several low-priced bows of various lengths and weights, to be common property; six arrows and an arm-guard and glove for each member, with the owner's name written on each arrow alongside the cock's feather. Elect such officers as are necessary, and otherwise organize like other clubs. The reason I advise buying low-priced bows is this: the members will soon become accustomed to the use of these weapons, and then know their own strength better, and will wish to own stronger and finer ones. It will then be time enough to buy split bamboo or such other bows as their fancy and means may dictate.

Members should also provide themselves with a quiver to hold the arrows, a grease-box to grease the bowstring and glove, and a tassel to wipe the dirt off of the arrows when shooting.

Colored score cards are the most convenient, and the scores should be pricked with a pin in the corresponding colors when the arrows are pulled out of the target. Beginners should commence shooting at a distance of twenty yards, and as soon as they can hit the target four times out of six, should increase the distance five yards, and so on until they reach the full range.

To string the bow, grasp the bow by the handle with the right hand, place the lower tip against the inside hollow of the right foot, but not on the ground, rest the left hand on the upper end of the bow, holding the string between the forefinger and thumb; bend the bow, *flat side out*, by pressing down and away with the left hand and pulling toward the body with the right, at the same time slipping the left hand up until the string is firmly in the nock. The same movement will unstring the bow.

Now draw an arrow carefully from the quiver, taking care not to rumple the feathers, and place it on the string, just above the handle; and be sure it points straight across the bow, slanting neither up nor down, the cock's feather pointing outward.

Stand with the left side to the target, fix your eyes on the gold, raise the bow until the hands are level with the face, brace the left arm against the pull, and draw back steadily until the thumb touches the right ear; then let go quickly, without jerking or moving either hand. The arrow should rest on the left hand and on the left side of the bow, which should be held as nearly perpendicular as possible.

Do not sight along the arrow, or bend the head down, or shut one eye. Stand erect, but in an easy position. Note carefully the flight of the arrow, and try and recollect how you held when you make a good shot. Always see the target to the left of the bow, and, when shooting at long range, between the hands.

Examine your arrows before shooting, and see if the horn nocks are secure, as they frequently get loose, and if used in that condition are apt to split, and may injure the archer in the face.

Be careful that no one is within range when you are shooting, as several lamentable accidents have already occurred this season from carelessness in this respect.

Be not discouraged if at first you shoot badly. Archery is much more difficult than rifle-shooting, and not to be learned in a day. When you by patient practice find that you are improving, you will enjoy your success all the more.

By adopting the right position from the beginning you save much subsequent trouble. It seems rather constrained at first; and many are inclined to shoot with the hands low down, and often shoot well in that position; but rest assured they will become neither graceful nor expert archers by so doing. It is to be hoped that this royal and most healthful exercise will take a permanent place among our out-door games, and that before long we can compete with the English archers with some chance of success. The meeting of the National Archery Association at Chicago next August will undoubtedly do a great deal toward placing archery on a permanent footing in this country, and perhaps lead toward getting together a team able to compete with the leading archers of England.

EMS AND ITS SUMMER VISITORS.

This pretty little German spa, so celebrated some years back for its gaming tables, and now for its hot and cold mineral waters, and for having been, till within the last troublous year or two, a favorite summer resort of Continental royalty, is situated in the duchy of Nassau, in the valley of the Lahn. The village, which is long and straggling, lies on the banks of the river Lahn; precipitous rocks ascend behind the houses on one side, and these again are backed up by pine-covered hills; while on the opposite bank of the river tall hills arise, clothed with trees from their summit down almost to the water's edge. Beautiful villas stud the foreground; and all along the river are pleasure-grounds and shady walks beneath acacia and walnut trees.

Many people go there as early as May, in order to avoid the extreme heat and the crowded season, which is June and July. The heat then is undoubtedly oppressive, but the cool air of the early morning is always inviting for exercise, and one can during the day find shade and repose in the spacious lofty reading-rooms of the Kursaal. The act which after 1872 made gaming tables unlawful met with much approbation from the residents at Ems. Though to them the gaming season was a golden harvest, the town being so crowded that the meanest lodging commanded a fabulous price, the winning gamesters recklessly spending their money in the purchase of jewels, dress, or anything they fancied for the time, and for which the merchants never failed to demand and receive large prices, yet we have heard them declare they preferred to forego their gains rather than have the place overrun by gamblers.

During the summer the writer spent, several years ago, at Ems, while at breakfast every morning at the Vier Zeitung Hotel, the tall figure of the Russian Emperor strode past the window on his way to drink at the *kranken Brunnen* in the Kurhaus. He went quite unattended, save for the companionship of a large black retriever, of which he was very fond. To see him casually one might think there were no Nihilists to be feared, that his life was easy and secure; but on a closer observation, if ever a face expressed "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown," that face is the Emperor Alexander's. There is something inexpressibly interesting about him. He is a noble-looking man, with the air of a sovereign; but his weary, care-worn expression could not fail to excite the warmest sympathy. Although going about Ems with such apparent confidence and security, the town was full of Russian detectives in plain clothes, keeping watch in every direction over the safety of their monarch. Notwithstanding their vigilance, however, some ill-disposed person struck the Emperor's pet, the black retriever, a blow across the back, almost killing the poor animal; and for many days after this cowardly act he was unable to accompany his master in his morning walks.

There could be no greater contrast than that which the German Emperor presented to his nephew of Russia. Always going about amongst the people, jovial, good-humored, and full of gay spirits, his subjects actually idolized the very ground he trod on. Whenever you saw the old gentleman walking along, with seldom more than one attendant, you saw every one start up to salute him, as if the sight was new, and with the warmth of their hearts beaming in their eyes, while he kept shaking his stick at them, requesting them to "sit down; put on your hats; sit down."

We well remember the first time we saw the German Emperor. Returning one day from a walk, we observed a crowd of people in the promenade, standing at a short distance from and watching an elderly gentleman talking to a very pretty girl. The girl kept courtesying backward, retreating a step each time. The Emperor William—for he it was—followed her up, making believe to bore a hole at her with his walking-stick. The whole scene had a most ludicrous effect, but was highly characteristic, and indicative of the friendliness that existed between him and his people.

Another day a large party of school-boys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade which forms one side of the Restaurant Gardens, and which is itself lined with stalls belonging to the larger shops in the town. The Emperor walked quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying, "What brought you here, my lads?"

"We came to spend a holiday, and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman.

"To see the Emperor! Then have a good look at him," rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor." And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

One morning there was considerable excitement at the Vier Zeitung, waiters rushing in all directions, and Herr Huyn, our little host, looking fussy and all-important. We inquired the cause, and were told that the Emperor was expected in the afternoon to call upon some ladies of high rank who were staying at the hotel. A huge roll of new carpet which had just been brought in was to be laid down on the grand staircase, and flowers were to be scattered in profusion every where. All the forenoon poor little Herr Huyn was in a pitiable state. He did not like to lay down his beautiful carpet, and have its freshness sullied by the numerous feet passing continually up and down the grand staircase; and yet he was in a considerable fright lest he might not have all ready in time when the Emperor should be seen approaching. Waiters acting as scouts were continually running in and out and peering up and down the street. It was a never-ending refrain of "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" At last a horror-stricken waiter came rushing from the corridor above us, exclaiming: "The Emperor is here! He is at this moment in the salon of Madame la Princesse!"

Herr Huyn stood aghast. "How did he get there? When did he come?"

Alas! it was discovered that the Emperor, coming quietly and unattended, had turned in at the entry to the baths, gone up an uncarpeted back staircase leading from the court, inquired his way from the astonished servant to the Princess's rooms, and so stole a march on our poor crest-fallen little host.

There was nothing now to be done but carry carpet and flowers round to the back staircase, and spread the one and scatter the others as rapidly as possible. This done, Herr Huyn kept guard at the foot of the stairs, still uneasy lest, through a combination of untoward circumstances, the Emperor might now make his exit by the front entrance, and so, after all, never know of the preparations made to do him honor. However, at last he was heard approaching, accompanied by the Princess. At once noticing the change, he inquired: "For whom has all this trouble been gone to?"

"For you, sire," returned little Herr Huyn, reverently.

"Alas!" said the Emperor, "it is a pity to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me." And stooping, he selected some of the most beautiful, and presented them to the Princess, and then fastened a blossom in his own coat. Such was the graceful acknowledgment he made to Herr Huyn, and by such simple acts did he daily endear himself to his people.

Prince and Princess Frederick Charles with their daughters came one day to call upon the Emperors; amongst them was the Duchess of Connaught. We recollect thinking how rude the people were, staring at the royal party as they sat sipping coffee in front of the Kursaal, each spoonful being eagerly watched from the time it left the cup until it disappeared down a princely throat. We too might have stared as earnestly could we have foreseen that the slight, graceful girl dressed in the palest shade of lilac, with a gauzy white bonnet, was to be in after-years one of England's daughters. Later in the afternoon they met the Emperor Alexander in the promenade; and after the interview, at which all Ems assisted at a distance, the Czar remained sitting alone on the *banquette* where he had been conversing with the Princess Frederick Charles. Presently, out of the crowd, and contrary to all etiquette, came an old man, dressed very peculiarly in drab clothes, with knee-breeches and gaiters, a large muffler concealing much of his face, blue spectacles, and a broad-brimmed hat. He walked deliberately on until he came opposite to the Czar, stopped within a yard or less in front of his Majesty, and began thoroughly scrutinizing him. He then went from side to side, looking at him from every aspect. The Emperor never moved a muscle. The crowd did not know whether to laugh or be indignant. Presently the old man moved off; but before going many paces he returned, apparently not yet satisfied; and after again taking a side view of the Czar, he actually walked round on the grass close behind him, and remained gazing at his back for more than a minute. Yet the Emperor never flinched, or made the least sign that showed he was aware of his presence. And yet how unpleasant the position! The man might have been an assassin, his very peculiar dress simply a disguise. More daring attempts on life have been often made; for instance, the shameful outrage which occurred in the Winter Gardens of St. Petersburg so short a time since; and at all events, even to an ordinary individual, it could not fail to give a disagreeable creeping sensation in the spinal marrow to feel that some one with unknown intentions was closely contemplating their back. However, curiosity appeared to have been the motive that prompted this old fellow's extraordinary behavior; for having gazed his fill, he walked off, every now and then turning to take a parting look.

Never shall we forget the smile of mingled relief and amusement that overspread the Emperor's features as he turned to the people, who had been silent yet anxious spectators of the scene.

Many are the interesting and celebrated characters besides royalty to be met with at Ems. In a walk through that gay promenade, if you are fortunate enough to be with some intelligent foreigner, he will point out to you celebrities of all kinds, such as Herr Krupp, tall, stately, with his high forehead and intellectual face; the rugged old commander-in-chief of the Cossacks, and his wild, unkempt-looking son, whose names, celebrated though they be in the annals of Russian warfare, we could not attempt to pronounce, much less to spell; and the last new singer, come for rest, and to prove the virtue supposed to be possessed by the waters of Ems for strengthening the throat and chest. Every evening at the Vier Zeitung we used to enjoy the most delicious music from some Parisian opera-singers who were staying there. One in particular, a Madame C——, though rather *passée* as to her voice, afforded us much amusement. She was most anxious to make a youthful appearance, and her complexion was in itself a miracle of art; while she wore her hair—a lovely golden color—in the most juvenile fashion, with a number of small ringlets across her forehead. One night at the theatre she was amongst the audience, when, feeling the heat oppressive, she removed her veil. In doing so, alas! the band of golden curls became entangled, and was removed also, exposing to view some coarse and grizzled hair, while, to every one's infinite amusement, the yellow locks dangled for the rest of the evening on her shoulder; and she, unconscious, coquetted away with her cavalier—who was too polite to tell her—as if she had been a beautiful girl of sixteen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old farmer intent on making his will was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is; we've been married for upward of forty years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank, to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.

Brown. "Can you break me a five-dollar bill?"

Jones. "I should like to break it, but unfortunately I'm broke myself."

A clergyman, preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following observation: "But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning!"

A citizen of Fleming, Kentucky, fired at a rat, struck a keg of powder, blew his house to pieces, and had to jump into the river to keep from burning up. The rat remains unhurt.

"I press my suit," the young man cries,
In tones too soft to tell;
And she pressed his suit with her curly head,
As she laid it on his coat lapel.

Have you ever thought how exceedingly kind it is of the average murderer to forgive every body before he is swung off?

Grandma. "Yes, children, when I was as young as you are, I used to walk in my sleep."

Tommy (*eagerly*). "Say, gram'ma, what time did you make?"

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Mrs. Shoddy is thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large; that these 'ere coupons are too shut up, but that a nice stylish pony-phantom seems to be just the thing.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!"

Astronomy *v.* Gastronomy.—"Julius," said a Brooklyn gentleman to his colored servant, "don't you enjoy the astronomical phenomena these fine evenings?" "Dunno, Sah," responded the darky; "mush-melons are my favorite fruit."

All the axes and buck-saws found in the ruins of Pompeii are of light make, as if constructed for woman's use. Those old ancients knew their little business.

An old gentleman of Lampy's acquaintance was somewhat disgusted on his eightieth birthday, which occurred the other day, to receive from some of the younger members of his family a book of sermons with the agreeably suggestive title, *Go up Higher*.

"What did you do then?" asked Colonel George, after badgering a witness in the Lowell railroad case, at Salem. "I went to the rescue, like a lawyer for a man's pocket-book," replied the witness, and the retort was enjoyed all around.

"Is this sweet engaged?" asked a young fellow of a young lady in a car. And he said it so handsomely, and with such evident admiration, that she took her bonnet-box off of the seat, and let him sit beside her. And— But we anticipate.

THE CAMPAIGN SONG.

TRIO AND CHORUS.—RALPH CONKLING, BOATSWAIN BLAINE, AND BOATSWAIN'S MATE CHANDLER.

A Song to encourage independence of thought and action in the *lower* branches of the Service, and to teach the principle that a United States Senator is any man's equal—excepting the Sovereign Voter.

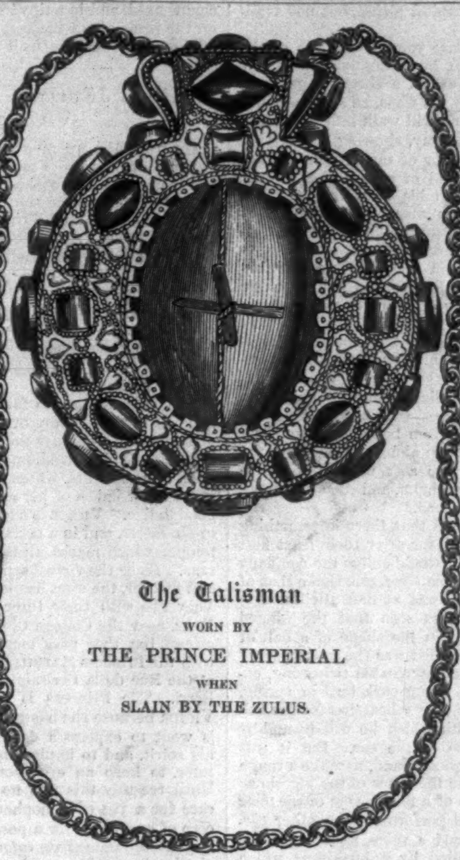
NAPOLEONIC SUPERSTITIONS.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

In the will of Napoleon III. occurs the following remarkable passage: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve every thing that comes to me from the Emperor, my uncle; and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him." The telegram from Cape Town which announced the finding of the late ex-Prince Imperial contains these words: "The Prince's body was found stripped of all clothing, but had not suffered any mutilation, and the reliquary which he wore suspended by a chain from his neck, together with his watch and rings, was found lying near the spot where he fell."

The "talisman" which the late Emperor so solemnly enjoined his son to wear, which he did wear, and which returns to his mother from that wild scene beside the Tombakala, is almost certainly the once famous charm of Charlemagne. It has a more interesting story than any gem in Europe, if not in the world. In the course of studies for other purposes I have recently come upon legendary traces of this curious object, and obtained a picture of the same, which are now submitted to your readers.

"La plus belle relique de l'Europe," as a French antiquarian described it in the last generation, was by one myth said to have been contrived by one of the Magi belonging to the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, who came from the East to pay homage to the great Emperor of the West, along with certain ambassadors. The wife of Charlemagne, Fastrada, asked the Magi for a talisman which would always cause her husband to be fascinated by its wearer, and this charm was framed at her instance. But another fable ascribed to it the following origin. While Charlemagne had his seat at Zum Loch, near Zürich, administering exact justice to all, he had a column fixed at his gates with a bell and a rope. It was open to any one demanding justice to sound this bell; and when the Emperor heard it, even though at his meals, he would instantly answer the summons. On one occasion this bell was repeatedly rung without any person being found near it. At length an enormous serpent was found twined around the rope. The Emperor, hearing this, immediately went forth; the serpent inclined respectfully before him, and then moved slowly off; Charlemagne followed it to the river, where he saw a monstrous toad sitting upon the nest and eggs of the serpent. Resolved to administer justice to all creatures, the Emperor ordered the toad to be burned. A few days after, this serpent crept into the judgment-hall, bowed low to the Emperor, crept upon the table, and having dropped a precious stone into a golden goblet, glided quietly away. The Emperor, impressed by this marvel, built on the spot where the serpent's nest had been a church called "Wasserkelch." He gave the precious stone to his beloved spouse, Fastrada. The stone so drew toward her the Emperor's love that he could hardly suffer her out of his sight. In the hour of her death, the Empress, dreading lest another should succeed her in the affections of the Emperor, placed the gem beneath her tongue, and it was buried with her. Charlemagne could not separate himself from the body, and for eighteen years carried it about with him. At length his confessor, by some black art, discovered the stone and its virtues; after which Charlemagne allowed the body to be interred, and transferred his affection to the confessor, who became his Prime Minister, Archbishop of Mainz, and Chancellor of the Empire. But then, either in a moment of repentance or anger, this individual threw the stone into a lake near Ingethüm. Then the affection of Charlemagne was diverted from his former favorite to the lake, and he built beside it a palace, for whose decoration his other imperial residences were made bare. But when Charlemagne came to die, his throes were long and violent; and the archbishop, knowing the cause, had the lake dragged for the gem he had thrown into it. The talisman having been restored to the person of the monarch, he died peacefully (814).



The Talisman worn by THE PRINCE IMPERIAL when SLAIN BY THE ZULUS.

The tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was opened by Otto III. in 997, and it is said that the wonderful gem was found suspended from his neck. However that may be, the gem had been for a long time the most valued relic in Aix-la-Chapelle when it was presented by that city to Napoleon I. It was at a moment when he seemed to many, pre-eminently to himself, an avatar of Charlemagne. Napoleon presented it to his favorite Hortense, *ci-devant* Queen of Holland. At her death, in 1837, it passed to her son, Napoleon III. It shared his imprisonment at Ham, and accompanied him through all his vicissitudes.

In the course of its long history the precious stone has undergone evolutions. The nut-like stone constituting its basis is surrounded by antique filigree of fine gold, and is set with various gems. There are several relics about it. In the centre is a portion of the Holy Cross. Possibly it gained its sanctity after losing its virtues as a love charm. Some of the variants of its legend look as if its virtues had gone into the thermal waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, which would account for the association of the serpent with it—of old the guardian of wells. At any rate, Hortense had an experience of its attractive powers widely different from that of Fastrada. The Magian amulet could not co-operate with the true cross, and Hortense was divorced from her husband in 1810. It appears to have had equally little of the power originally ascribed to it in the case of the late Emperor. For while it was worn by him, and he was writing so solemnly about it in his will (dated April 24, 1865), he wrote sadly in another clause of the same instrument that "contemporaries seldom render [one] justice," and "it is necessary to consider that from Heaven on high those whom you have loved regard and protect you; it is the soul of my illustrious uncle that has always inspired and sustained me."

Whether the late Emperor would have expressed himself so strongly about the talisman if his will had been written after Sedan, is questionable. It is open to speculation how far the young ex-Prince was influenced by this talisman. That which his father wore at his watch chain the son wore suspended upon his breast, as Catholics wear the most sacred reliquaries in whose protective virtues they believe. The strange mystical addresses to the Deity found among this youth's papers reveal a degree of superstition about himself which amounts to a psychological phenomenon. At the seat of war in Africa he displayed a recklessness which has led some to believe that his desire to do "something to get himself talked about" (words reported from him by his intimate friend M. Amigues) amounted to insanity, while others believe that he sought death. But it is possible that a natural rashness of disposition, and the tradition that a Napoleon must begin with a military halo, were turned to fatal forces by secret faith in the potency of this talisman.

There is, I think, no reason to suppose that the Bonaparte family are by nature more superstitious than others. It would rather appear that Imperialism itself is a great superstition, and that all who become heirs to it find themselves brought into a weird realm of shadows, which become potent through belief in their reality. On the day when the telegraph brought news of the finding of the young pretender's body, I was present at a performance of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* by the Comédie Française in London. The royal box was filled, and those in it had an opportunity of learning the primitive sense of that imperialist title which Lord Beaconsfield lately hung round the neck of Victoria as a talisman to win the homage of India. Don Carlos enters the tomb of Charlemagne a King; he comes out an Emperor. The King had been a contemptible wretch, assailing the virtue of a helpless lady, separating her from her lover, albeit the latter had spared his life: the Emperor is noble, raises the lovers to dignities, and unites them. In the romantic imagination even of Victor Hugo, fifty years ago, there was a divinity hedging about an Emperor. When the three strokes of the distant bell have announced that the election has fallen on Don Carlos, and he suddenly appears at the door of the mausoleum, where he had secreted himself to overhear his conspirators, these men, brave and wronged, are paralyzed in his presence, their lights go out, their weapons are lowered. Behind the Emperor is not only Charlemagne, but a long procession of majestic ghosts who in their day vindicated the man in whom was nobility against the man who was in the nobility. The mediæval struggle between the hereditary chief and the chief *Dei gratia* is now represented by the rivalry between legitimacy and a government "by the will of God and the French people;" and as in the far past Pretenders looked for signs from heaven where Legitimists looked to pedigrees, even now we find ancient superstitions hovering around imperial long after they have left merely royal houses. Not long ago the little Prince Waldemar died at Berlin. Next day it was telegraphed over Europe that a soldier on night-watch had seen "the White Lady." When the Prince of Wales was supposed to be dying at Sandringham, he had a no more distinguished *banshee* than a dog, whose howling one night sounded over England next day. Nor can I learn that there has been any apparition of the White Lady announcing a death until the King of Prussia became the Emperor of Germany. The White Dove which the Bonapartist reporter of the *Gaulois* saw descending upon St. Augustine Church, in Paris, on the occasion of the Requiem for the Prince Imperial, might at first be supposed a mere competitor with the White Lady. So long as a supernatural messenger is maintained in the imperial livery on the right bank of the Rhine, it can hardly be expected that such a dignity will be dispensed with on the left bank, especially since it is very cheap. But really these apparitions have no connection except in the primitive mental and moral habitat

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON.—[See Page 614.]

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.

of imperialism; wherever that ancient atmosphere receives a shock, these old mythic bats are startled, and flit about, and then subside till—the next time. But they report just what is ever present in the imperialist mind, detaching it from the every-day light of common-sense and republican principles.

The White Lady is a survival from the Norse goddess Frigga, the wife of Odin. When Odin, or Woden, was diabolized into a Wild Huntsman, Frigga was declared by the Christian missionaries to be a she-devil. But this degradation succeeded but slowly. Frigga had been a sweet Madonna to the Germans, and when she ceased to be worshipped she became the Good Fairy. She was even believed in some regions to have become a proselyte of the Christian faith, and to attend the baptism of her favorites. From being the protector of all German households, she became the guardian of the imperial family, which represented all families. This popular superstition was fostered in high places, since it invested the throne with an association of antiquity, and also of original connection with the peasantry. The tradition had its utility once, and is now a survival.

The White Dove comes from the ancient Christian heavens, and in imperial symbolism has always been supposed to bring the divine sanction which it brought at the baptism of Christ—"This is my beloved Son!" It is said that to acquire this sanctity Mohammed trained a white pigeon to perch on his shoulder. A white dove is said to have brought the chrism at the baptism of Clovis, founder of the French monarchy; and a white dove was carved on the sceptre of Charlemagne, as founder of the German Empire. White doves were said to have come to bear the soul of Louis of Thuringia to heaven—a legend remembered in the departure of Lohengrin in a boat drawn by white doves. The symbol was adopted by the constitution of the Order of the Holy Ghost in the fourteenth century. At the consecration of monarchs in France it has always been the custom to let loose white pigeons in the church. In England this custom is faintly remembered in that of bearing the dove sceptre before a monarch at consecration. In France, where these traditions possess the greatest intensity, there is still a feeling among imperialists that the Holy Ghost must pronounce in favor of each emperor who claims to rule above hereditary kings. Whenever there is an inward appeal of this kind for a sign from heaven, the answer to it is pretty sure to be received—either by the artifice of politicians, or through the potent vision of faith, which generally sees what it has a mind to.

GOOD-BY.

Good-by! Too oft an idle word,
  Yet holding thousand meanings fast
  That bind us sadly to the past,
Or strike on Hope's sweet harp a chord
  Whose music whispers in each heart,
  "'Tis sweet to meet, if sad to part."

Adieu! Good-by! Ah, who can tell
  If those who smiling part shall see
  Each other more, or if shall be
This light "God speed!" their last farewell?
  The loving hand's last pressure o'er,
  And lone hearts moaning, "Nevermore!"

THE LITTLE MOUSE.

The hardest animal to kill that I know is the mouse. Its vitality is far from great; it will die of fright if caught uninjured in a wire trap; a slight squeeze will crush it; but all the same I maintain that it is a hard animal to kill. Paradoxical this: but once the little thing is caught, its graceful proportions, bright beady eyes, soft rounded ears, fine fur, and innocent, inoffensive looks, all rise as special pleaders before the individual who would condemn the pretty thing to death.

The mouse, then, is hard to kill; but necessity knows no law, and while ridiculing as childish and absurd those people who shriek with alarm at the sight of the pretty little animal running across a room in the twilight, the fiat must go forth, and if he invades our homes the mouse must die.

Why? Because he goes straight to the flour bag or tub to devour and destroy, eats through papers of sugar, nibbles candles, gnaws his way right into that Stilton sent you as a present, and generally does so much mischief, and makes so much noise, that you set one or other of the many traps that have been invented for his extermination, and catch him readily, for he is far less suspicious than his relative, the rat.

I have tried most of the plans for entrapping our little friend, who is so affectionate that he will not be said nay. I have had cats, and found the remedy far worse than the disease, for—*pace* good assertors to the contrary—the presence of a cat does not drive away mice from a house, and as to the catching powers of that sleek feline purrer, no doubt they are great, but they are very little exercised by a well-fed cat, which is really a gross impostor, making so much fuss over the capture of one mouse that you might imagine the whole race had been exterminated.

One of the best traps is the spring block full of holes, in which some half-dozen garroting wires are held open in their places by tying with threads; bait of cheese or the like is placed out of reach within, and this being only to be obtained by gnawing, the mouse finds it just to its taste, gnaws through the thread, and—dies. Waterton's plan is good. The old naturalist suggested the taking of a large brown earthenware jar, rubbing it inside with rank-smelling grease, and sinking it flush with the earth, when the mice, attracted by the grease, spring in, and can not spring out. A capital pitfall, but not available for in-door use.

If you openly declare yourself the foe of the tiny domestic mouse, he shuns you naturally enough; but if you are of a social disposition, and disposed to study his ways, he soon becomes accustomed to you, and will walk into your room in the most fearless way, showing an especial tendency for the interior of the kitchen fender, where Mary is too fond of shaking her supper cloth. Here *Mus*, with his bead-like eyes and rounded ears, will run about at a tremendous rate, turning himself into a miniature kangaroo, and sitting up on his hind-legs, use his fore-paws like hands, to which, in fact, they strangely assimilate, having four fingers and a little badly developed thumb, very different to the long fine toes of his hind-feet. This kangaroo-like aspect is much greater than might be imagined, especially when the little animal progresses in a series of playful bounds.

Not long since a medical friend invited me to come and see his mice—two which came out regularly every night from behind the wainscot into the dining-room, ran along the carpet to the window-curtains, up the soft woolen fabric to where the canary cage hung, and then and there had a hearty meal of seed.

It might be imagined that there is something musical in canary-seed, for after their feast first one and then the other would oblige the company with a song—a veritable song, mind, like that of a bird, and one which was at first attributed to the canary, until it was seen that the winged minstrel was reposing in the shape of a ball of feathers, while the vocalist was the mouse.

This song was a very agreeable twittering, exactly like that of a young cock bird in spring, when he seems to be busy rehearsing for the full bursts of melody with which he will by-and-by pierce the tympanum of the ear. But it was finer in quality, though soft, and, to make a rough comparison, more like the tones of the piccolo as compared with those of a flute. One of the mice was quite a powerful performer; the other certainly had not so good a voice, its notes being lower, and accompanied by a huskiness which indicated that in all its predatory wanderings it had either not found the voice-lozenge box, or else it had partaken of too much of the outer coating of the seed.

This singing power of the mouse has often been remarked, and is by some writers attributed to a disease of the vocal organs, probably from its being so rare; but the fact seems to be that it is the natural result of the tiny animal being a dweller in close proximity to a loudly singing bird, to whose calls it responds with one of its more shrill squeaks, and then by degrees, possessing a strong imitative faculty, acquires the power of modulating its little voice till it produces a very fair copy of the bird's song. The proof of this would not be very difficult to any one who cared to keep as tame pets a few dozen mice, even as some children keep white mice. Three or four good singing-birds should be kept in the same room, and the probabilities are that out of the little rodent family one or two would prove adepts in the vocal art.

This keeping of white mice seems of late years to have fallen into disrepute. Like the white rabbits one used to have, they are simply a variety of the brown ones, which are easily enough tamed sufficiently to become accustomed to their cage and take food from their owner's hand. Care is necessary, though, with these little creatures, for, tiny as they are, their muscular strength of jaw is astonishing, and they can drive their keen teeth through the piece of skin they nip with lightning-like rapidity.

A striking peculiarity of the common domestic mice is the way in which they will migrate. For months, perhaps, the house may swarm with them, so that they become a perfect nuisance. Then all at once, and without warning, they go, no one knows whither, and are forgotten, till some night the old familiar scratching and gnawing are heard, and the old runs are full.

Now if this occurred in the country it would be easily explainable, for they would be only participating in the habits of our little enemy the rat, and their cousins the field-mice; but this is the case in busy cities, where there are no temptations in the shape of coppice and hedge-row, milky young corn, juicy fruit, sweet nut, or tender peas and beans swelling in the garden ready to come up.

For the field-mouse has its migrations, and in a country place, though it rarely enters the house, takes readily to barn, stable, or (mostloved of all) the pits and apple lofts of a large garden.

This mouse—the wood-mouse, or long-tailed field-mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*), as it is called by naturalists—is stated by them to be "a little larger than the common mouse."

Perhaps habitat has something to do with the case—good feeding, pleasant climate, and the like; for in place of being a *little* larger than the common mouse, those I have caught by the dozen are at least double, often three times, the size of the ordinary mouse of our hearth and wainscot. Lighter in color—being of a warm brown, creamy white beneath, and with a fur that is finer, more sleek, and shiny—they are also slighter in build and greater in activity. While the sun shines warmly they are out-door animals, burrowing under-ground, and storing their nuts, corn, peas, and beans for the winter; but when autumn begins to give place to bleak winter, they seek the out-buildings in troops, and then woe betide the stored-up corn and tempting apples.

First the apples are eaten into merely for the sake of their ripe brown pips, and then, as time goes on and the pips are finished, the apple itself is eaten, till there is nothing left but a wall of skin; and the only comfort you have is that the mice must be getting very fat and sleek. There are bounds to patience, and even that of one who loves animals can be tried too sorely. War was commenced, and in a tiny iron-toothed trap, made on the principle of those for rats, about a dozen of these marauders of fruit expiated their crimes.

PRINCE JEROME AND HIS SON VICTOR.

On page 613 we give the portraits of Prince Jerome and his son Victor, the latter of whom was named by Prince Louis as heir to the imperial pretensions of the Napoleons. There is little to be said of Prince Jerome, derisively known as Plon-Plon. He is universally distrusted. Most of the Bonapartists proper do not even salute him. When they go to the receptions of his sister, the Princess Mathilde, it is only on the tacit understanding that he shall be kept out of the way. The Princess meets her brother in the morning, her friends in the afternoon. She is the only link between him and the party bearing his family name.

The Princess has no faith in her brother, but believes in the destiny of his son Victor, a boy of seventeen, who, says the London *World*, is "in her eyes the ideal candidate, a far better one than poor Prince Louis, whom she, in common with many other ladies of her age, thought a little too good to live. Victor is a true Napoleon in looks, in character, and in a certain fiery impetuosity of temper which marks all the pure-blooded of the race. Since the virtual separation of their father and mother, the aunt has looked after both boys. They live with their tutor on the other side of Paris, near the Collége Charlemagne, which they attend, but they pass most of their spare time with the Princess Mathilde. When they are not at the Rue de la Cerisaie they are at the Rue de Berri. The Princess is the more attached to Victor because she has no boy of her own. She is wont to express a delighted apprehension of his spirit, and to implore mild M. Blanchet, his tutor, to keep an eye upon him day and night. Until recently this was no more than an aunt's care for a pet of a nephew; now it is the concern of a princess for a possible heir to a throne. Beyond the immediate *entourage* of the Princess, absolutely nothing was known of this lad, and it is still not too late in the day to tell all whom it may concern that he is rather tall, handsome, straight as a dart; dark in hair, cheek, and eye; and in temper and temperament a true Corsican-Italian. He is his mother's son. He has her full lips, but the Napoleonic alliance has saved him from having the nose of the house of Savoy. His features are regular; the hair is trained over the brow and cropped, but somewhat too short to be quite in the prevailing boyish style. He has all the qualifications for a popular candidate in this woman-ruled country, including a touch of wildness. The importance of his connections gives him a decided advantage over his unhappy cousin; he is of the best blood in Europe by his mother's side."

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Hillsdale, Mich., *Oct.* 27, 1875.

R. V. Pierce, M.D.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Medical Discovery, which helped me greatly. I have taken several bottles, and am restored to good health.

Yours respectfully, Judith Burnett.

—[*Com.*]

It is Strong Testimony to the popularity and usefulness of the Cocoaine that it has had a host of imitators. Consumers will do well to observe that the full name, "Burnett's Cocoaine," is printed on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass. Our legal success in dealing with infringements upon our name and rights will protect the public, if only a little care is used. This tribute of imitation is paid to all meritorious and successful preparations.—[*Com.*]

Fragrance the most lasting!
Fragrance the most delicate!
Fragrance the most exquisite!
Fragrance the most refreshing!
Are all combined in Murray & Lanman's Florida Water—the only recognized perfume of fashion.—[*Com.*]

The Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application.—[*Com.*]

The Asbestos Roofing is the only reliable substitute for tin, it costs only about one-half as much, is fully as durable, is fire-proof, and can be easily applied by any one. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y., are the sole manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

Floriline—For the Teeth and Breath, is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites, or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath; it is perfectly harmless, and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere in the United States at 50c.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich. Send for Catalogue.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and Wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk.

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,

Continue to make Table-Linen and other Linen Fabrics of the sterling worth as that made by the Browns for four generations. At all retail dry goods stores.

MORGAN PARK

MILITARY ACADEMY.

MORGAN PARK, Cook Co., Ill.

A first-class Preparatory School for Boys. For full information send for Catalogue.

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1879.

By W. Pembroke Fetridge.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PRINTING PRESSES
from $1.00 to $150.
Book of Type, 10 c. Circulars free.
Sample Package of Cards, 10 c.
YOUNG AMERICA PRESS COMPANY
35 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

VAN LOAN'S

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN GUIDE,

With Bird's-Eye View, Maps, and Description of 69 Boarding Houses. Paper, 25c., Mailed for 30c.; Cloth, 50c., postage paid. WALTON VAN LOAN, Catskill, N. Y.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

For Sale by all Stationers.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., NEW YORK.

ANNUAL RECORD

OF

Science and Industry for 1878.

Prepared by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., for $15 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, CAVEATS. MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, Proprietors of the Scientific American. Thirty-four years' experience as Solicitors of Patents. Hand-book on Patents, with full directions and advice, sent free.

Cuticura

BLOOD AND SKIN HUMORS

The scourge of mankind.—Old methods of treatment and remedies a failure.

Cuticura Resolvent, the Great Blood Purifier and Liver Stimulant, is the most searching, cleansing, and purifying agent of this century. It may be detected in the saliva, sweat, milk, blood, and urine in forty minutes after taking the first dose, showing that it has entered the circulation and been carried to every part of the system. It forever eradicates the virus of Syphilis, Scrofula, Cancer, and Canker—those terrible blood poisons that rot out the machinery of life, filling the body with foul corruptions. Taken internally, in conjunction with the external application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, it speedily cures Scrofulous Ulcers and Old Sores, Salt-Rheum, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Scald-Head, Dandruff, and all Itching and Scaly Diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

ECZEMA ON THE SCALP,

Breast, and Limbs Cured.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—I cannot refrain from adding my debt of gratitude to you for having placed within my reach the wonderful Cuticura Remedies, which have rendered unnecessary all further experiments of physicians, and in a remarkably short space of time have rid me of a loathsome disease. I dispensed with all physicians two years ago, believing they did me no good. The Cuticura has stopped this unsatisfactory expense—even if it were necessary, and I had the courage any longer to follow their advice—and brought the long-looked-for cure and happiness.

I have been afflicted with Eczema or Salt-Rheum on my scalp, breast, and limbs for five years, during which time I have been under the treatment of physicians, or at mineral springs, or taking some kind of medicine. I have been treated by Drs. ——, of ——, Dr. ——, of ——, and visited sulphur springs, and taken numbers of patent medicines, all without the faintest approach to a cure.

April 1 last, I began the use of Cuticura, which was immediately successful in my case, entirely curing me. I have not had a clean scalp for 15 years, until the use of Cuticura entirely healed it, and left it clean and healthy. The other parts of my body were affected in a more aggravated form, but are now completely healed. I believe myself completely cured. I shall continue the Cuticura Resolvent as directed, for its wonderful action on the stomach and bowels and cooling influence on the blood. It will afford me pleasure, as I have done in many cases, to urge the afflicted to use these wonderful remedies.

Yours, etc., Stephen Crowell.

New Bedford, *Sept.* 30, 1878.

A RUNNING SORE

Cured in One Week.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter,—Some three or four weeks ago I ordered a box of Cuticura, for a bad case of Salt-Rheum. The back of one of my wife's hands was a running sore. In one week from the day it arrived her hand was well, and has remained so up to to-day.

E. P. Daggett.

Milford, Me., *June* 10, 1878.

Note.—Reader, don't you think these cures remarkable?

CUTICURA SOAP,

Medicinal and Toilet,

Is prepared from Cuticura in a modified form, and is positively indispensable in the treatment of Skin and Scalp Diseases. We recommend it for the preservation of the skins of infants, for gentlemen who shave and are troubled with tender faces, for those who desire a clean and wholesome Skin and Scalp, and for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Its delightful and refreshing fragrance equals or surpasses the finest Parisian Soaps.

The Cuticura Remedies are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, $1. Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

Pain and Weakness cannot exist where they are applied. They vitalize, strengthen, and support Weak and Painful Parts; cure Chronic Ailments and Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys; absorb Poisons from the Blood, and thus prevent Fever and Ague, Malarial and Contagious Diseases; stimulate the Stomach and Digestive Organs when placed over the pit of the stomach, and prevent Dyspepsia, Billious Colic, Cramps, and Pains.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),

Sing Sing, N. Y.

One Hundred Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to

Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), **Principal.**

MARCY'S OIL AND GAS SCIOPTICONS

With New Improved and Carefully Selected

MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES,

L. J. MARCY, 1340 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

For convenience and efficiency, for private or for public use, *they stand*

UNRIVALLED.

Circulars free. Catalogues, 10 cents. Sciopticon Manual, 6th Ed., 75 cents. Splendid Outfits at Bottom Prices.

MORE AGENTS WANTED FOR

Through the Dark Continent.

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

RELIABLE.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. These cuts are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 25cts, 3 for 50cts. L. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill. All others counterfeit.

52 Perfumed Chromo & Gilt-edge asst'd Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. Franklin Print'g Co., W. Haven, Ct.

Rogers' Groups of Statuary,

PRICE $10 AND UPWARD.

Enclose 10 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue, to

JOHN ROGERS,

23 Union Square, New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS

Public, Sunday-School & Home Exhibitions. 120 Page Catalogue Free. Views Illustrating All Subjects.

C. T. MILLIGAN. 728 Chestnut St. Philada.

HARPER'S

Library of American Fiction,

	cts.
12. CAPTAIN NELSON. A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake	75
11. THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS. A Story for Young Old Folks and Old Young Folks. By William M. Baker	75
10. COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE. By Mrs. A. E. Porter	40
9. LIKE UNTO LIKE. By Sherwood Bonner	75
8. OLD SLIP WAREHOUSE. By Mary A. Denison	60
7. BLUSH ROSES. By Clara Francis Morse	50
6. KILROGAN COTTAGE. By Matilda Despard.	60
5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day	75
4. MAG. A Story of To-Day	50
3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE. A Story of the Delaware River. By Alma Calder	75
2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS	60
1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER. By Alice Perry	75

All of the above are in Octavo, with Ornamental Paper Covers.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ *"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half-leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents per volume, net, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.*

EAR DISEASES!

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker's Book on Deafness and Diseases of the Ear and **CATARRH** their proper treatment, especially Running Ear. How to get *immediate* relief from *all* annoyances of these diseases, and a sure, harmless and permanent cure. A book every family should have. *Sent free to all.* Address Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, *Aural Surgeon*, Reading, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,

CHESTER, PA. (Opens Sept. 10th.)

Thorough instruction in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, the Classics and English. Degrees conferred. For Circulars, apply to

COL. THEO. HYATT, *President.*

PHOTOGRAPHS of Actresses, 3 for 10 cts.; 10 for 25 cts. Mailed on receipt of price by HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

CLEAR HAVANA | Lilliputian Cigars, "Graduates" (3 inches), $11 per 1000. Sample box by mail, 30c. **J. M. AGUERO, 246 6th Ave., N. Y.**

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE (established 1849), Randolph, N. Y. On the A. & G. W. R. R., in the *Chautauqua Lake* region. A well-endowed and successful seminary for both sexes. The usual Literary Departments, and a very flourishing Commercial School and Music Department. 352 different students last year. Pure air, mountain-spring water, good food, and careful supervision. No deaths in 30 years. Endowments such that we will receive a student (total expense) for **1 Term for $50; for 1 year, $150.** Catalogue sent free on application to the Principal, Prof. J. T. EDWARDS, D.D. Fall Term opens **Aug. 26.**

M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.

The publishers beg to announce that THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this important work **is now ready for subscribers.**

This Volume has been executed without any retrenchment or material modification of plan, and it is the expectation of the Editor to complete the alphabet within the compass of Ten Volumes. A Supplement will follow, containing the necrology and other items that have accrued during the progress of the work. Circumstances not likely to recur have required a somewhat longer time than usual for the preparation of the present Volume; but this will cause no postponement in the eventual completion of the work, as about one-half of Vol. IX. is already in type, and the Tenth Volume may therefore be looked for in two years from the present issue.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

$2,000 A YEAR for honest, intelligent business men or agents. New business; light work. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, Madison, Ind.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

JOIN OUR COLONY IN CALIFORNIA. Send to Colony Office, **14 Swan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.,** for Pamphlets and Maps.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HARPER'S BAZAR PATTERNS.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed directions accompany each Suit.

The following are some of our latest SPRING AND SUMMER Patterns, and will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each Pattern.

VOLUME XII.

CANEZOU BASQUE, Jabot Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	No. 3
CHILD'S LINGERIE: Night Wrapper, Night Drawers with Stockings, Day Drawers and Waist, Princesse Petticoat, and French Apron (for children from 1 to 7 years old)	" 5
MISSES' PRINCESSE LINGERIE: Princesse Chemise (with Drawers), Princesse Petticoat (Underwaist and Petticoat combined), Circular Sacque Night-Dress, and Bib Apron with Bretelles (for Misses from 7 to 15 years old	" 7
LOUIS QUATORZE BASQUE, with Simulated Vest, Curtain Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.	" 9
SLASHED BASQUE, Flowing Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 9
DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, Long Wrinkled Over-skirt, and Short Round Skirt	" 9
FAN BASQUE, with Panel Over-skirt draped on Short Walking Skirt	" 11
BASQUE-POLONAISE (Princesse Back and Basque Front, with Curtain Apron), and Short Walking Skirt	" 11
SLEEVED MANTLE and Plastron Jacket	" 13
CAMARGO VEST-BASQUE, Panier Over-skirt, and Short Round Skirt	" 15
PANIER BASQUE, Bouffant Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
PANIER POLONAISE, and Shirred Round Skirt	" 17
REVERS BASQUE with Shirred Vest, Shirred Over-skirt, and Short Round Skirt	No. 17
LOOSE-BELTED BASQUE, with Carrick Cape, Revers Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 17
CONNAUGHT BASQUE, Draped Apron Over-skirt, and Short Round Skirt	" 17
PINAFORE POLONAISE and Walking Skirt.	" 17
QUEEN ANNE BASQUE and Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
POMPADOUR BASQUE and Trimmed Full-Trained Skirt	" 18
FICHU MANTLE, Double-Breasted Vest Basque, Festooned Over-skirt, and Short Round Skirt	" 18
PANIER PRINCESS DRESS	" 20
COMBINATION HOUSE and STREET DRESS (Double-Breasted Basque and Trimmed Short Skirt with Train Buttoned on)	" 20
MARIE ANTOINETTE PANIER POLONAISE, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 22
SCARF FICHU AND LAMBALLE MANTLE.	" 22
BOY'S WARDROBE (Single-Breasted English Jacket, Kilt Skirt, Shirt-waist, Sailor Blouse, and Box-Pleated Coat)—for boy from 2 to 6 years old	" 24
LAFAYETTE WALKING SUIT (Cutaway Panier Jacket, Continental Waistcoat, Bouffant Over-skirt, and Short, Round Skirt)	" 30

A complete list of all Patterns published by us will be sent free on application. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

MOTLEY'S NETHERLANDS. History of the United Netherlands; from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

II.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LEVER. By W. J. Fitzpatrick. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

III.

THE LOVER'S TALE. By Alfred Tennyson. 32mo, Paper, 10 cents; Cloth, 25 cents.

IV.

HISTORY.–HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By Lord Macaulay. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. A Poem in Six Cantos. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VI.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By David Hume. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

VII.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1878. Prepared by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., $15 00.

VIII.

WARREN'S ASTRONOMY. Recreations in Astronomy. With Directions for Practical and Telescopic Work. By the Rev. H. W. Warren, D.D. With 83 Illustrations and Maps of the Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IX.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY (Marquis de Chatillon), Admiral of France, Colonel of French Infantry; Governor of Picardy, Ile de France, Paris, and Havre. By Walter Besant, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

X.

TALES FROM EURIPIDES. By Vincent King Cooper, M.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

XI.

HARPER'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK FOR 1879. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Eighteenth Year (1879). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.

Vol. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

Vol. II.—Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

Vol. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

XII.

THE ZULUS AND THE BRITISH FRONTIERS. By Thomas J. Lucas, Captain of the late Cape Mounted Rifles. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

XIII.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. By George Eliot. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

XIV.

HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO. By William Blaikie. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XV.

THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE. By A. H. Weston. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XVI.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. New Cheap Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.

Mr. Leslie of Underwood. By Mary Patrick. 15 cts.

Henry Esmond. By W. M. Thackeray. 15 cents.

The House of Lys. By General Hamley. 15 cents.

John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

Orange Lily. By May Crommelin. 10 cents.

My Sister's Keeper. By Laura M. Lane. 20 cents.

Mr. Grantley's Idea. By John Esten Cooke. 25 cts.

John Halifax, Gentleman. 15 cents.

Basildon. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. 15 cents.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By Colonel Hamley. 15 cents.

"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin. 15 cents.

Under One Roof. By James Payn. 15 cents.

That Artful Vicar. 15 cents.

The Sherlocks. By John Saunders. 15 cents.

Quaker Cousins. By Agnes Macdonell. 15 cents.

Coward Conscience. By F. W. Robinson. 15 cents.

The Cloven Foot. By M. E. Braddon. 15 cents.

The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. Stirling. 15 cts.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BOWING DOWN TO THE IDOL.

What's all this? "Why, the Belle of the season has dropped her locket—that's all."

VERMILYE & CO., BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau St., N. Y.,

Buy and sell ON COMMISSION, for cash or on margin, all securities dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange.

All issues of Government Bonds bought and sold at market rates, free of commission, and on hand for immediate delivery.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN to EXCHANGES OF BONDS IN WASHINGTON FOR ACCOUNT OF BANKS.

FINE ARCHERY
CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON
65 FULTON ST. N.Y.
MALLESON'S PAT. SPLIT BAMBOO BOW
SEND FOR PRICE LIST

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........................ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year...............20 00
Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft**, to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 58 volumes of the MAGAZINE, 22 volumes of the WEEKLY, and 11 volumes of the BAZAR now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Interesting Books for Summer Reading.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES.

1. The Turks in Europe. By Edw. A. Freeman. $0 15
2, 3. Tales from Shakespeare. By Chas. and Mary Lamb. Comedies, 25 cts. Tragedies, 25 cts.
4. Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Ill's. 20
5. When the Ship Comes Home. By Walter Besant and James Rice.... 25
6. The Life, Times, and Character of Oliver Cromwell. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen.... 20
7. Early England. By F. York-Powell.... 25
8. England a Continental Power. By Louise Creighton.... 25
9. Rise of the People, and Growth of Parliament. By James Rowley, M.A.... 25
10. The Tudors and the Reformation. By M. Creighton, M.A.... 25
11. The Struggle Against Absolute Monarchy. By Bertha M. Cordery.... 25
12. The Settlement of the Constitution. By Jas. Rowley, M.A.... 25
13. England during the American and European Wars. By O. W. Tancock, M.A.... 25
14. Modern England. By Oscar Browning, M.A. 25
15. University Life in Ancient Athens. By W. W. Capes.... 25
16. A Primer of Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.... 25
17. A Primer of Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.... 25
18. Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt.... 20
19. The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.... 20
20. The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.... 20
21. The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.... 20
22. The House on the Beach. By George Meredith 20
23. Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. 15
24. Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.... 25
25. Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.... 20
26. Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar*.... 25
27. Virginia. A Roman Sketch.... 25
28. The Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.... 20
29. The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton. By George Eliot.... 20
30. Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.... 20
31. Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.... 20
32. The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.. 25
33. A Primer of Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.... 25
34. Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
35. The Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
36. Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
37. Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
38. The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
39. William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
40. Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By Lord Macaulay.. 25
41. John Hampden.—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
42. Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
43. Machiavelli.—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
44. John Milton.—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
45. My Lady's Money. Related by Wilkie Collins 25
46. Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.... 20
47. Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. By Walter Besant and James Rice.... 25
48. Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.... 25
49. The Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England. 1587-1588. By Alfred H. Guernsey.... 20
50. Da Capo. By Anne Isabella Thackeray.... 20
51. The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.... 20
52. Brother Jacob.—The Lifted Veil. By Geo. Eliot 20
53. A Shadow on the Threshold. By Mary Cecil Hay.... 20
54. David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.... 25
55. Count Moltke's Letters from Russia. Translated by Grace Bigelow.... 25
56. Constantinople. By James Bryce.... 15
57–59. English Literature Primers. By Eugene Lawrence: 57. Romance Period.—58. Classical Period.—59. Modern Period.... each 25
60. Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy $0 15
61. Georgie's Wooer. By Mrs. Leith-Adams.... 20
62. Seven Years and Mair. By Anna T. Sadlier.. 20
63. A Sussex Idyl. By Clementina Black.... 25
64. Goldsmith.—Bunyan.—Madame D'Arblay. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
65. The Youth's Health-Book.... 25
66. Reaping the Whirlwind. By Mary Cecil Hay. 20
67. A Year of American Travel. By Jessie Benton Frémont.... 25
68. A Primer of German Literature. By Helen S. Conant.... 25
69. The Coming Man. By Charles Reade.... 20
70. Hints to Women on the Care of Property. By Alfred Walker.... 20
71. The Curate of Orsières. By Otto Roquette.... 20
72. The Canoe and the Flying Proa. By W. L. Alden.... 25
73. Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.. 20
74. The Lady of Launay. By Anthony Trollope. 20
75. Sir Roger de Coverley. From *The Spectator*. With Notes by W. Henry Wills.... 25
76. Pottery Painting. By John C. L. Sparkes.... 20
77. Squire Paul. By Hans Warring.... 25
78. Professor Pressensée. By John Esten Cooke. 25
79. The Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. Robinson.... 15
80. Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. Hackländer.. 20
81. Recollections of Rufus Choate. E. P. Whipple. 15
82. Daisy Miller. By Henry James, Jr.... 20
83. A Primer of Spanish Literature. By Helen S. Conant.... 25
84. A Dark Inheritance. By Mary Cecil Hay.... 15
85. The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.... 25
86. Stories from Virgil. By A. J. Church.... 25
87. Our Professor. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.... 15
88. The Sorrow of a Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay.. 15
89. Lady Carmichael's Will and other Christmas Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay, F. W. Robinson, and Justin M'Carthy.... 15
90. 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By Walter Besant and James Rice.... 20
91. An International Episode. By H. James, Jr. 20
92. The Adventures of Ulysses. By Charles Lamb.... 25
93. Oliver Goldsmith's Plays.... 25
94. Oliver Goldsmith's Poems.... 20
95. Modern France. By George M. Towle.... 25
96. Our Village. By Miss Mitford.... 25
97. Afghanistan. By A. G. Constable.... 15
98. John; or, Our Chinese Relations. By Thomas W. Knox.... 20
99. The Awakening. By Katharine S. Macquoid.. 15
100. Ballads of Battle and Bravery. Selected by W. Gordon McCabe.... 25
101. Six Months on a Slaver. By E. Manning.... 20
102. Healthy Houses. By Fleeming Jenkin. Adapted by George E. Waring, Jr.... 25
103. Mr. Grantley's Idea. By John Esten Cooke. 25
104. The Four Georges. By W. M. Thackeray.... 25
105, 106. The English Humorists. By W. M. Thackeray. In Two Numbers.... each 25
107. Half-Hour History of England. By Mandell Creighton, M.A.... 25
108. Lord Bacon. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
109. My Sister's Keeper. By Laura M. Lane.... 20
110. Gaspard de Coligny. By Walter Besant, M.A.... 25
111. Tales from Euripides. By Vincent K. Cooper 20
112. The Task. By William Cowper.... 20
113. History.—Hallam's Constitutional History. By Lord Macaulay.... 25
114. The Lay of the Last Minstrel. By Sir Walter Scott.... 20
115. Marmion. By Sir Walter Scott.... 25
116. The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. 25
117. The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson.... 10
118. Wassail. By Colonel Charles Hamley.... 20
119. Modern Whist. By Fisher Ames.... 20
120. The Rivals and the School for Scandal. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.... 25

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any twenty-five of the above volumes, in paper covers, will be sent by mail (in box), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Five Dollars.*

☞ *Harper's "Half-Hour Series" may be obtained in flexible cloth binding at fifteen cents per volume in addition to the prices advertised of the respective volumes in paper.*

MARSHALL'S PREPARED CUBEBS And Cigarettes, A Sure Remedy for CATARRH, COLD in the HEAD, ASTHMA, all DISEASES of the THROAT, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c. JAMES B. HORNER, 59 Maiden Lane, N.Y. U.S.A. Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

GOOD NEWS FOR MANY.

Many people are looking forward to the arrival of the Fall with despair—Chills and Fever being a regular attendant thereon. If they buy a 25-cent box of Thermaline from their druggist, it need have no terrors for them.

HARPER'S

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

CTS.
55. "For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin. 15
56. Lady Lee's Widowhood. By E. B. Hamley.... 15
57. A History of Our Own Times. By Justin M'Carthy. No. I.... 20
58. Basildon. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt.... 15
59. John Halifax, Gentleman.... 15
60. Orange Lily. By May Crommelin.... 10
61. Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot.... 10
62. The Zulus and the British Frontiers. By Thomas J. Lucas.... 10
63. John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope.... 15
64. The House of Lys. By Major-General W. G. Hamley.... 15
65. Henry Esmond. By W. M. Thackeray.... 15
66. The Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick.... 15
67. Mr. Leslie of Underwood. By Mary Patrick.... 15

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

FISHERMEN! TWINES AND NETTING, MANUFACTURED BY WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS
Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

BLAIKIE'S

HOW TO GET STRONG.

How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

COMPOUND OXYGEN *The new cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc., by a revitalizing process.* **REMARKABLE CURES** *have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.* **REFER BY PERMISSION** To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who have used and *been largely benefited by this treatment.* **SENT FREE!** Brochure [200 pp.] with many testimonials to *most remarkable cures.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cents. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

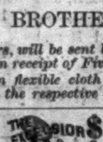
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Hackettstown, N. J.—Best and largest building in the State. Instruction thorough. Both sexes. Ten Departments. Year opens *September* 3. $225 per year. Catalogues free. REV. GEO. H. WHITNEY, D.D., President.

THE INK

Used by the Governments of the United States and Canada—also, *Harper's, Leslie's, Tribune, Sun, Post*, and *Philadelphia Ledger*, &c.—is made by
W. D. WILSON & CO., Franklin Square, N. Y.

CONGRESS WATER, Pronounced by Physicians and Connoisseurs to be the **Purest Mineral Water Known.** Nothing *Bitter, Acid*, or *Crude to irritate* the *Mucous Membrane*. Sold by all leading Druggists, Grocers, Hotels.

HEALTH BY HEALTHFUL LIVING is the scientific idea, and the **LAWS OF HEALTH**, an 8-page quarto monthly, is the best exponent of this idea. 50 cents a year; sample copies free. Address **ROBERT WALTER, M.D., Editor, Wernersville**, near Reading, **Pa.**



$3 Printing Press Prints cards labels &c. (Self-inker $5) 18 larger sizes For business or pleasure, young or old. Do your own advertising and printing. Catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., for 2 stamps. **Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn**

THE BAR-MAID AT BATTLETON.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOR HER SAKE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"YOUNG TODD."

NOT that Miss Daly was the only bar-maid in attendance behind the counter of the big refreshment-room at Battleton Junction, but that she was a bar-maid with a difference—and a remarkable difference—from her six contemporaries employed by Messrs. Javelins & Freshwater, the eminent contractors, to attend to the wants and wishes of a passing crowd clamoring for soup, sausage rolls, buns, and bitter ale to the frightful accompaniment of railway bells and whistles, and stentorian commands to "change here for every where." That her personal appearance was attractive was her good fortune or her misfortune, and was certainly not her fault; she would scarcely have been placed at Battleton Junction had she been old, ugly, or "squat." She was a tall, good-looking girl, with brown eyes and brown hair, and she attended to her duties with a grave self-possession that was remarkable in the Battleton Junction girls, who were demonstratively fussy or coldly indifferent, according to the class of customer who presented himself to their merciful consideration.

It may be said at once that the Junction girls—as they were generally termed in the ancient town of Battleton—did not think much of Miss Daly, did not make great friends with Miss Daly, did not take her into their little confidences, or ask her to join them in their little strolls after the bar was closed for the night, or when hours "off duty" allowed of country rambles in various directions and under various and sometimes striking circumstances. Miss Daly was "stuck up," Miss Dart said; but then Miss Daly had declined to see the shops in Battleton with her after one evening's experience, during which Miss Dart had giggled spasmodically all the way up High Street, and looked after every well-dressed man under fifty between the station and the Corn Market, exchanging "good-evenings" and "how-d'ye-do's" with a fair ten per cent. of the number. Miss Daly was "sly," Miss Brand thought; but Miss Brand was a plain-spoken girl, who let them—*i. e.*, the customers—"have it" if they bothered her too much—or rather at times did not let them have it, but looked over their heads with a stony glare, and allowed them to scream for drink in vain. Miss Daly was "spoons" on young Todd, and ought to be ashamed of herself to lead him on like that, Miss Racket remarked; but then Miss Racket had been "spoons" on young Todd herself, had launched herself at Todd, in fact, had neglected good customers—brandy-and-water customers—for Todd, and been taken out once for a quiet drive by Todd in the happy halcyon days before Miss Daly came amongst them like a blight.

Miss Daly hardly looked like a blight behind the refreshment counter; she was always very pale and pretty in her black dress, and generally very staid, unless something out of the common—young Todd was out of the common—brightened her features with a smile.

It may be a matter for speculation as to the "spoons" on Miss Daly's part, but there need be no mystery as to the feelings of young Todd. He made no mystery of them himself; he was even proud of them; his feelings had been engaged some twenty times before, and in nineteen cases by the fair Hebes whom Messrs. Javelins & Freshwater had set in authority at Battleton Junction, but in no instance had young Todd been so deeply and terribly impressed as in this particular affair, which was now absorbing, consuming, and softening him to an unparalleled degree; which was giving him a taste for whiskey and water and a distaste for his family and family surroundings; which was exciting at last the curiosity and anxiety of the family itself, that had been a slumberous, apathetic, do-as-you-like kind of a family for years and years before Miss Daly's time.

MISS DALY AT THE BAR.

The Todd family were big folk in Battleton, and not to be despised out of Battleton, take them altogether. There were not many of them; they consisted of Mrs. Todd, the relict of Bartholomew Todd, who had made much money by wholesale gums and India rubbers down a dirty slum in Mincing Lane, and half of whose property was settled for life on his widow, with reversion to an only son, the young Todd of our simple narrative; three Misses Todd, all one pattern, cut crosswise and with many angles, and with strong biases toward High-Church and High-Church curates, and whose money was strictly settled on themselves; and young Todd, whose money had settled itself strictly on him too up to the present period of our story, for no one save himself and the bar-maids had seen the color of it, envious people said.

Why he was called young Todd it was hard to declare; when there was an old Todd flying away to town by express every morning, it might have been appropriate; but when old Todd had flown away to a better world than Mincing Lane, young Todd became somewhat of a misnomer, especially as young Todd had reached eight-and-twenty summers, clear. Certainly he looked young. He was a very slim man, without a hair or an expression on his face; and he wore turn-down collars, a short blue jacket, and a polo cap. There were three things which he had loved before Miss Daly came to Battleton—his pipe, his bull-terrier pup, and himself; but she had changed all this as with the touch of the wand of an enchantress. She had called the bull-terrier "that nasty dog," and it had been consigned to its kennel from that hour; she had hated the sight of men with short pipes in their mouths before dinner, he had heard her say once, and he had taken to cigars and to smoking them after 8 P.M.; and as for himself, there were fits of despondency upon him at times when he thought he should rather like to shoot himself than otherwise. Still, the time had not come yet, and young Todd lived at the refreshment counter of Battleton Junction, and drank whiskey and water so long as Miss Daly would serve him with the article. When the trains came in—and they were always coming in at interesting crises of his career—he would retire to the back, and stand on the forms, so that he might watch Miss Daly over the heads of the travellers, and make sure that nobody had fallen in love with her, and was intentionally lingering over his pork pie or sandwich; and when the trains went out he resumed his place, put one elbow on the counter, and talked and gazed—generally gazed, as his powers of conversation were limited, and Miss Daly did not care for the subject on which he was disposed to grow eloquent—billiards and bull-terriers.

So regular a lounger at the counter, so good a customer, so well known an inhabitant of Battleton was obliged to be received with a fair amount of courtesy, and he was received in quite a sisterly—possibly more than sisterly—manner by all but Miss Daly. Miss Daly said "good-morning" and "good-evening," especially "good-evening," very graciously to him, but she did not imitate the style of the rest of the young ladies, or put herself out in any way for Mr. Todd. Conscious of the power she wielded over his susceptible breast, she did not hasten to meet his requirements at the bar; did not lean over the counter and talk to him between the sandwich stands and the dishes of buns; did not regard him languishingly whilst an irate passenger was hammering away with the milled edge of a shilling to attract her attention; did not whisper, or laugh, or slap him in a kittenish impulse; and betrayed not even a jealous symptom when he talked to Miss Dart, or Miss Racket, or any body else.

"I can't make her out," he soliloquized in the quietude of his bedroom, three months after Miss Daly had been in Battleton, and after she had said, "No, thank you," to half a dozen pairs of Courvoisier's gloves, of which he had begged her acceptance; "she isn't like any body else I ever knew at the Junction. Polly Racket would make six of her for fun, but she's an awfully nice girl somehow. She isn't silly, either, or she'd fancy I was going to ask her to marry. She's a sharp, clever little woman, 'pon my soul, but I can't make her out. And that's deuced odd, too, seeing what a lot of girls have been always running after me."

It was not odd, but young Todd was beyond the discovery of the solution to the mystery; his self-complaisance stood in the way, and the girls who ran after him were of the ordinary class of high-steppers, whose mission in life was to be always running after somebody. Even in his own sphere, and where the exact amount of his income and his expectations were known, young Todd was sought and flattered by some of "the sleek and shining creatures of the chase;" but young Todd never proposed, and had been always happier and more at his ease at the station buffet, or in the streets when the shop-girls were going home. Happier, till Miss Daly appeared; then it was all over with him and his nonchalant airs and grins and grimaces. He strolled in and out no more in his old patronizing way; he came in early, and stopped as a rule all day; he was the slave of the refreshment counter, the ghost of his former self, the talk of the little town where every body talked.

His mother condescended to ask a few questions of him at last, and to tell him what the world was saying; he laughed at her questions as irrelevant, and the shocking expression he used as regarded the world needs no repetition in these virtuous pages. His sisters satirized him and his tastes, and he "gave it them hot," as he afterward expressed himself to a friend, for meddling with his affairs and what didn't concern them. He never interfered between them and *their* larks with the curates, did he? Let him alone, and he'd let them alone; nobody need be afraid he was going to make a fool of himself, or throw himself away; he knew what he was about well enough. Trust him.

But nobody trusted him any more for this declaration, and the home of the Todds became shadow-land, in the midst of which much suspicion and uncharity and conspiracy were brood-

YOUNG TODD SAYS HE IS NOT GOING TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF.

YOUNG TODD SEES AN APPARITION.

ing. They affected to let him alone, and he let them alone according to his usual way—which was very much alone indeed—but they wrote long letters and urgent letters to Uncle John, the main-stay of the family, trustee, executor, man of the world, and man of war in the Indian service, and they begged very earnestly for Uncle John to take the matter up, as the whole affair was becoming very serious indeed. They had no influence over Edwin—young Todd was Edwin; he was his own master, and they were desperately afraid of what would come of it. They had been afraid also to tell Uncle John before; they did not like intruding upon his studies, his new work on *Fortifications and Fire-works*, his new charge, red-hot and slashing, against the Secretary of State for War on the iron-plated stocking question; they knew how hard he had been upon his nephew and godson in many matters; but as he was the only being whom Edwin regarded with any degree of awe, they trusted he would come to the rescue and "put a stop to it" all before the family was disgraced for ever and ever by a *mésalliance*, or by some dreadful scandal that was almost as bad, if not quite as lasting.

"I'll soon put an end to this nonsense," said Major Crawshaw, after reading his sister's letter. "I'll have no more of it. Bar-maid, indeed!" He had put an end to a great deal of nonsense in his time, being a hard-headed, sharp old soldier in his way, and he was very sure of his power in demolishing this soap-bubble affair in less than four-and-twenty hours. He knew the world and what it was made of; he understood men and women, particularly foolish men and designing women, whom he had come across in an experience of five-and-forty years, to whom he had taught wisdom and given warning before this—ah! many times before, for other people's sakes and his own. Let him march and away against the enemy at once.

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR CRAWSHAW BLUNDERS TO BEGIN WITH.

THE last train from town had reached Battleton Junction at 9.30 P.M., and the station girls were extra busy in consequence, when a tall, stern, bronze-faced man, with closely cropped gray hair and an iron-gray mustache, strode up to the counter and demanded a glass of stout. Major Crawshaw had chosen his time well, for young Todd was not present on the occasion—the Todds dining late on that particular evening, by some kitchen mischance which had been carefully prepared beforehand by more than one conspirator.

Major Crawshaw had marched at once to that portion of the counter over which Miss Racket presided. From a hasty glance over the heads of a straggling mob his keen eyes had taken stock of Miss Racket—her tall full figure, her round, rosy cheeks and broad, continual smile; and he had decided that this was the particular vixen who had upset the mental equilibrium of his family, and fascinated his fool of a nephew. Just the sort of young woman to wind poor little Todd round her finger, he thought—pert, showy, saucy, and far from unreserved in her demeanor. This was she without a doubt.

Miss Racket drew him his glass of stout leisurely and indifferently, and after five stentorian applications for the beverage. She was in no hurry, if he were, and there was a young man to attend to who was going north, with a white hat, all on one side, and who had complimented her on her appearance that evening, and regretted that he did not live at Battleton, and would have heaped other compliments had time allowed him, and Major Crawshaw had not bawled persistently for stout over his left shoulder.

The major drank slowly, and ate a ham sandwich meanwhile, which he forgot to pay for, until another of the young ladies reminded him of his error. This was Miss Daly, always as sharp as a needle in her employers' interest; not Miss Racket, who, when flurried by admirers, would have allowed a quarter of hundred of Watling's pies to escape her notice with impunity.

When the railway bell had rung, and the white hat had drifted away with other travelling atoms, and there was peace, and only one man left at the bar, Major Crawshaw began to attract the attention of Miss Racket. He was not going on by the 9.35; he was a resident at Battleton, or a visitor, or—for such odd things do occur at refreshment counters!—he had been struck by her personal appearance, and disposed to proceed by the next down train. Miss Racket was impulsive and romantic, and leaped quickly to conclusions—but then the major stared at her very much, did not even take his eyes off her when drinking his stout, but glared at her with the rim of his glass pressed against the bridge of his aquiline nose. Miss Racket glanced at him again. By the side of the effusive young man in the white hat he had appeared grim and old enough, but alone in his glory he was a trim, good-looking, stalwart gentleman of imposing appearance. Miss Bland called him "an old buck," and asked Miss Racket behind the soda-water bottles who the old buck was that was making eyes at her; but Miss Racket did not answer her rude question, and thought within herself that he was only a middle-aged buck, and middle-aged bucks are deserving of a little consideration when they are struck "all of a heap" at first sight. There were many tales, true or false, in bar-maid history of lucky "catches" in this fashion; perhaps her time had come, and this stern gentleman was her fate. She wished she had not let him ask so many times for stout now, and that he would not glare quite so fiercely at her; perhaps there was a "black" somewhere on her nose. The "blacks" came in very frequently through the open doors of the refreshment department. She had been unconsciously smudged for ten minutes yesterday, having been all that time without looking into the glass at the back of the counter.

Yes, she had made a conquest.

"It's a fine evening," said the major.

"Yes, Sir, very fine."

"You'll soon have finished here, I suppose."

"Some of us will, and some of us won't. I'm one of the 'wont's' this evening," she said, facetiously.

"You'll excuse me, young lady," he said, punctiliously, "but I do not quite understand you. What is a 'won't?'"

"'Won't go home till morning'—almost," she said, lightly. "Why, how dull you are!"

"Yes, I am dull. I always was dull of comprehension I am afraid," he replied. "You mean as trade falls off a less number of young ladies is required at the bar?"

"Oh yes, she means all that, Sir," Miss Bland broke in here, to Miss Racket's suppressed annoyance, and then Miss Bland and Miss Dart had an animated conversation together, interspersed with hysterical laughter, and much "Did he, though?" and "Really."

"You young ladies appear to be very happy here," said the major, still to Miss Racket.

"We *are* very happy at times."

"Plenty of admirers, of course?"

"Lots of them—such as they are," said Miss Racket.

"Ah! they vary in quality as well as quantity, I suppose?"

"I should think they did," replied Miss Racket, whilst the outspoken Miss Bland muttered "Rather," and nearly killed Miss Dart with laughter.

"I suppose you get used to them all, and don't pay any heed to their *persiflage*," said the major.

"Their pursy what?" inquired the bewildered Miss Racket.

"Their light compliments and their foolish love-making—their silly and maudlin sentimentalities, half-drink and half-damned nonsense—I beg pardon," he said, gravely raising his hat; "I am addressing a lady, and didn't mean to be so forcible."

"We don't believe every thing we are told," said Miss Racket. "Oh no."

"In your position, young lady," he said, "you should not believe any thing you are told—unless it's in disparagement of the sandwiches, and they *are* confoundedly bad, to be sure. I never before came across so much fat in one sandwich in the whole course of my existence."

"I'm very sorry."

"Pray don't mention it. I did not call here for sandwiches, but to talk quietly and naturally to a sensible young woman," said the major.

"Oh, Sir, how can you say so! Oh dear me!"

"I came to Battleton on purpose, I assure you."

"Why, I never saw you in my life."

"No, I don't think you did," said the major. "Perhaps you'll wish you never had seen me, or be very glad one day that we have met in this fashion. There's no telling. Life's a queer enigma. I'll take one more glass of stout."

"Yes, Sir."

The stout was drawn, and the major continued his fixed stare.

"Your name is Daly, I presume?" he said at last.

"Oh no, it ain't," said Miss Racket, very quickly now.

"Not Miss Daly? Indeed," and the major's face shadowed as with a keen sense of disappointment.

Miss Racket suddenly became pert and sharp and satirical.

"I'm not the beauty; oh no! I wonder where your eyes were if you came all this way to look at her. Oh no! lor bless you, we're none of us half as good-looking as Miss Daly. Threepence, please, for that stout, and thank you."

Miss Racket would have retired immediately had he not said quickly, "Wait one moment, please," in so authoritative a tone that he reminded her instinctively of Mr. Javelins on his inspection tour, and when the receipts did not quite correspond with the consumption of material.

Major Crawshaw looked round the bar very carefully now, and for the first time observed a quiet, thoughtful girl standing at the back of the bar reading a letter.

"Is—is that Miss Daly?" he inquired.

"Yes, that's *her*," answered Miss Racket. "Shall I tell her you want to speak to her?"

"Not this moment, if you please," replied the major. "I'm very sorry you are not Miss Daly; it's exceedingly aggravating to lose my time like this. Besides, it wouldn't have mattered so much if you had been—dash it!" and Major Crawshaw stamped with his foot and looked vexed.

Miss Racket by this time had recovered herself, and lost the little amiability which she had been ever known to possess. She did not love Miss Daly as a sister—on the contrary, as she had told Miss Bland more than once in confidence, she hated her like poison; and to be gravely informed by a gentleman that he had lost time in talking to her, under the misapprehension that she was the identical Miss Daly, whom he had come especially to see, would have tried the temper of a greater saint than she was likely to turn out.

"Miss Daly," she said, with almost a screech of envy, "here's another gentleman wants to talk to you for a little while."

Miss Daly looked up from her letter, and then went on calmly with its perusal.

"Oh! it's true—it is, indeed," said Miss Racket. "Ask him."

"I am busy," said Miss Daly, without looking up this time.

"Miss Daly—if you will excuse my abruptness—I should be glad of your attention for a few moments," said the major.

There was a genuine ring in the voice that was not a little startling to the Battleton Junction girls, and it impressed Miss Daly, who put her letter in her pocket and advanced at once. When she was facing him, and regarding him with two thoughtful brown eyes, he was more sorry than ever that this was Miss Daly; he hardly knew why at the moment, there seemed too many reasons to be sorry, and they were all jumbled together at that instant inextricably.

"Well, Sir?" said Miss Daly, very quietly.

CHAPTER III.

WHILST THE IRON WAS HOT!

MAJOR CRAWSHAW was not in "good form" that particular evening. He had been wanting in perspicuity; he had blundered egregiously, and now, facing the enemy whose machinations he had come to Battleton expressly to circumvent, he felt himself still more at a loss. He did not know what to say on the spur of the moment; the real Miss Daly was not at all the Miss Daly whom he had expected to find, but a calm, self-possessed young lady, whom service behind a refreshment bar had not spoiled or rendered "flashy." This quiet being might have been taken for a lady any where—might have held her place in any society, he thought, if she had had the discretion to hold her tongue. For, of course, she would be as sharp and jerky as Miss Racket when she began to discourse—all bar-maids' conversation being essentially jerky, keeping time with the money as it rattled in the till. No; he was mistaken again; Miss Daly's voice had not an atom's worth of jerkiness in it.

"Your name is Daly?" the major said, for the want of a better question to start with.

"Yes, Sir. What do you require of me?"

"I should be glad of a little private conversation, Miss Daly," he said. "At what time do you leave this bar?"

Miss Daly looked somewhat astonished, and even doubtful of his motive for addressing her. A scarlet flush flickered on her cheek, although the brown eyes remained steady and inquiring. She did not actually doubt the man yet, notwithstanding that there had been all kinds of strange beasts prowling about her path since her novitiate. The eyes which encountered hers were clear and sharp gray eyes that were difficult to associate with any guile. For the present at least, and despite the singularity of his question, she could afford her interlocutor the benefit of the doubt.

"Have you any particular reason for asking me?" she said.

"I have."

"What is it?"

"I wish to speak to you on business of importance."

"I do not believe in any business of importance between you and me," said Miss Daly, coldly, "unless," she added, quickly—"unless you have heard from my uncle—have been sent to tell me all the news."

"I have not the honor of knowing any member of your family, Miss Daly," said the major, "and the business of importance to which I alluded affects my family rather than your own."

"I can have nothing to do with it."

"Unfortunately you have."

"If you will kindly explain?"

"Not here," said the old soldier, very sternly; "certainly not at this counter, and with these young women listening to us."

"You have my full permission to speak out, Sir."

"Where do you live when away from this—place?"

"I do not feel called upon to tell you," was the grave reply.

"And you will not tell me, possibly?"

"No, Sir, I will not."

"Confound it," he blurted forth; "what are you afraid of?"

"I am not afraid of you, certainly," said Miss Daly, very calmly. "I hardly doubt you, but I am not disposed to put my trust in you."

"It must surely strike you that there are topics of conversation which might be discussed in a more fitting place than this?" he said.

"I am not afraid of any topic," was the reply; "and you, as a stranger, have no right to make a mystery about it."

"You distrust me?"

"I distrust any one who is not straightforward," replied Miss Daly.

"Very well—very well," said the major, turning very red, "this is the first time in all my life I have been told I was not straightforward. I—I can't mention the nature of my business without rendering you an object of ridicule to the rest of the young ladies present. They are listening now, for that matter. Look at them."

Miss Daly laughed pleasantly and momentarily at this.

"Ah! yes—they listen a little; and," with a sigh, "they don't like me much. I am not one of them quite."

"I hope you'll never be such a young fool as to try and imitate *their* ways," said the major.

"Oh, they are not as they seem," said Miss Daly. "They are very good and kind sometimes; they are honest, and hard-working, and they take care of themselves bravely, considering what defenseless women most of them are."

"Bravo! Miss Daly," said the major. "Let me shake hands with you for sticking up for your class."

Miss Daly did not accept the invitation; she was indignant now, and disposed to turn from him.

"By Jove! you're a brave little woman," he continued; "and it was beastly unfair of me to sneer in that fashion at you. Not that I meant to sneer exactly—I intended to advise you, as your own father might do—and I'm old enough to be your father, my child, remember that; and—*Hollo*, you Sir! What the devil brings *you* down here?"

"Good gad! uncle, is that you?" and young Todd came to a full stop, and remained with his mouth open and his small eyes distended, as at an apparition which had suddenly confronted him.

"Yes, it is I," said his uncle.

"Do they know you are coming up at the house?" asked Mr. Todd.

"I thought I would give them an agreeable surprise," was the uncle's evasive answer; "it's a year and a half since I was at Battleton last."

"So long as that?" said the uncomplimentary nephew. "I shouldn't have thought it. Will you—will you take any thing?" he stammered forth.

Major Crawshaw glanced from his nephew to Miss Daly. The nephew was staring hard at the lady; the lady was looking down demurely at the marble counter.

Too innocent, thought the major; a deuced sight too innocent to be natural. Like Miss Brand, he put the lady down as "sly"—very sly, and a woman of whom to be wary from that time forth. If she had blushed and giggled and leered, as Miss Racket would have done, he would not have been afraid of Miss Daly; but the semblance of utter unconsciousness was an artful proceeding that proved at once the difficult nature of the task which he had set himself. He must be very wary in this business.

He replied to his nephew's offer, "No, thank you, nothing more till we get home;" and he linked his arm in that of Edwin's forthwith.

"I—I didn't think of going to the house just at present," stammered young Todd; "I have only just left it."

"It's so long a time since I have been this way, that I am very likely to miss it without your guidance," said the major.

"Yes—but—"

"And surely there is nothing here that is worth wasting time over," he added, sarcastically; "the refreshments are bad; and the bar-maids we can leave to the passengers, porters, and shopmen."

"Ah!—yes—exactly. Shall I call this fly? then you can take your luggage as well, and I can—"

"No, we will walk, Edwin. The luggage is booked to follow me. What a time it is since we have had a long chat together!"

But young Todd was not to be led away wholly without an effort; he had had time to reflect on the position.

"One moment, uncle," he said, disengaging his arm; "I always have a little nip of whiskey and water after dinner. I'll not keep you a moment."

"A nip of whiskey and water after dinner is an extremely bad habit; but don't be long," the major replied.

He stood at a little distance from the counter and watched his nephew approach Miss Daly and give the order required. Already the truth was very patent to him that there was an understanding of some kind between Edwin Todd and Miss Daly, and that they were neither inclined to trust him in the matter. Already they both suspected him, and guessed the object of his coming; it would be necessary to strike whilst the iron was hot. He was a man of action, quick and prompt; when he thought a thing, or said a thing, he carried it out at once—there had been no shilly-shallying at any period of his existence. "That able and indefatigable officer" he had been once styled in a dispatch to head-quarters, and it had brought him promotion, and made him a proud man. Able and indefatigable he was—who knew that better than he—and he was not going to be baffled at the outset by a pig-headed boy and a chit of a girl. Not he; he was too old a soldier, and too used to campaigning.

Young Todd was sipping at his whiskey, and muttering something with closed teeth to Miss Daly between whiles—making fresh arrangements possibly—when the major said, sharply:

"Come, Edwin, we can't hang about here all night."

"All right," said Edwin, evidently in some fear of his uncle at present; "I am ready."

A few more words from him to Miss Daly, the same innocent expression on Miss Daly's face, and then Major Crawshaw and his nephew were on the high-road together.

The major began at once—the iron was quite hot enough, he thought.

"I question the policy of these refreshment bars at railway stations," he said, "and a lot of bold-faced women behind them ready to flirt with any cad who turns up."

"People must have refreshments, I suppose," young Todd remarked.

"I would limit the refreshments consumed to *bona-fide* travellers. I would not allow half the town sneaking in and out at all hours after these girls, if I had any authority here. By Jove! I'd alter the whole business," said the major.

"I don't think half the town goes there. I don't know," said Edwin Todd, mildly. He was a mild young man of outward aspect, and very difficult to argue with. He had an unpleasant habit of agreeing upon any point for the sake of peace and quietness, and keeping his own opinion to himself, and this was always the difficulty with young Todd.

"*You* go there," said the major, suddenly, "for one."

"Yes; but I'm not half the town exactly, and—"

"And you're always there, Edwin; you know you are."

"Who told you so? Mother?" asked his nephew; "or my sisters?"

"I don't mince matters. Your mother wrote to say she was unhappy about you—that she was afraid you had formed an attachment to one of these young women, and that I had better run down and see what mischief was done, and what mischief could be prevented, and here I am. There."

It was no wonder that Major Crawshaw's feel-

THE MAJOR STRIKES WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.

ings were hurt when Miss Daly had hinted that he was far from straightforward—there was no beating about the bush in this instance. He had told his nephew very plainly what was the object of his visit, and within a quarter of an hour of his meeting with him, too. That was brisk and frank and soldier-like, at any rate.

Young Todd smiled in a galvanic kind of fashion, and shifted his stick from his right hand to his left.

"There's no mischief done, uncle, and there's no mischief to prevent," he said at last.

"That's well. I'm glad of it."

"The women-folk are foolish and nervous about it, and—"

"About what?" asked the major, interrupting him.

"About my going to the station and having a little chat now and then—as young fellows will, you know—with a pretty woman. I dare say you have done it yourself in your day, uncle."

"Hundreds of times," was the ready answer; "but it was all fair-sailing, Sir, and no false sentiment, or false principles behind it all. Do you understand me?"

"Yes—no—I think so."

"I wasn't fool enough to fall in love with any woman of that kind."

"I suppose not."

"Are you?"

"In love? Oh no!" said Edwin Todd, with a feeble little laugh; "not exactly; that's not in my line."

"Although, if I had been in love, I should have been man enough to own it," continued the major. "There's something simple in it, but nothing disgraceful, if it's an honest affection."

"Precisely," said Todd; "just my opinion, uncle."

"But you're not in love?"

"Not I. Not a bit of that," said the vulgar young Todd, with a rather feeble laugh.

"You're too sensible a fellow, I hope?"

"I flatter myself I am."

"I'm very glad to hear it, Edwin, for your mother's sake as well as your own; but don't keep speaking with your teeth closed; it aggravates me," said the major. "And now to the second and more important point. Are any of the girls at the Junction in love with you, do you think?"

Young Todd blushed and simpered, and even hazarded a wink at his uncle.

"I shouldn't like to say; really, one can't say exactly, you know," was his shy and hesitating answer.

"*I* should say it was extremely unlikely," remarked the major, after looking askance at his nephew; "but women are easily flattered into thinking a man is in love with them, and then their silly heads are turned in all directions but the right."

"That's their fault," was young Todd's comment.

"And their misfortune always, poor women. Why, I consider that a man who feigns an affection he does not feel, and so misleads a girl out of her sphere to think of him, is an infernal scamp—a most infernal scamp, Sir."

"Why, yes," said young Todd, fairly alarmed at this sudden exhibition of fierceness, "so he is, unless—"

"I'd cut off such a vagabond with a shilling, were he my own son," interrupted the major. "I'd kick him down stairs out of my house as I would a dog; I'd— What do you mean by 'unless?' Unless what? Why on earth don't you finish your sentences?"

"I was going—but you wouldn't let me finish, if you remember," answered Edwin.

"Well, well," said the major, impatiently, "*unless*—"

"Unless she encourages him, and leads him on—knows that he is not likely to marry her, and still prefers his company to other fellows'. Don't you see?"

"I see a woman going fast to the devil, then," said the major, "and I say God help her! that's all. But as for the man, he's either a fool or a knave, and I say God confound him, with all my heart. He doesn't deserve any sympathy; surely you don't think he does?"

"N—no; certainly not."

"But we will have a long talk over this presently, now that we have cleared the briers and brushwood away. There's been a little nonsense going on at the refreshment bar; but I am glad you tell me there's nothing serious between you and that Daly girl."

"Serious!" said young Todd, with another unpleasant laugh; "of course not."

"Your mother will be glad to hear it."

"I have told her so a thousand times already," said Edwin Todd, and for the first time rather sulkily.

"Ah! but not as you have spoken to me, as one man can speak to another, face to face, and without a lie between them," said the major.

"Yes—exactly," murmured the nephew; but he did not meet his uncle face to face then; but looked down upon the flinty pathway of the old town, and set his teeth closer together than ever.

The major was a man of tact, and did not "worry" the question. They walked on in silence after this; he had spoken out and paved the way to a complete understanding; he was disposed, being a truthful man, to believe his nephew, if not wholly and implicitly, and to think that the women-folk had made the usual mountain out of the customary mole-hill. So far, so good; it was a very fair beginning, considering that this was the first hour of his arrival; and now here they were before the great country house of the Todds, lying a little apart, on a hill-side, from the town of Battleton.

The major let go his nephew's arm, strode forward, pushed open the great swing gate, and entered first.

"You'll find them all within, uncle," said Edwin; "I shall not be long."

"But—"

"I shall be back in a few minutes; I have forgotten something for to-morrow—in the town, you know;" and young Todd was off like a lapwing.

"Yes, you have forgotten something, Edwin, and that is that I'm not to be humbugged," muttered the angry major, as he stood in the dark carriageway, looking after the rapidly receding form of his nephew.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAJOR SETTLES IT SATISFACTORILY.

RUTH DALY, Prayer-book in hand, and looking very unbarmaidlike, was coming quietly home from church the following day, when across the last meadow between the church and town she encountered Major Crawshaw. She recognized very quickly the tall, inquisitive gentleman of the preceding evening, and would have passed him had he not stood direct in her way in the little foot-path that ran across the fields there.

"Good-morning, Miss Daly," he said, raising his hat.

Miss Daly bowed slightly, but did not respond to his salutation.

"I thought you would come this way," he continued. "I have been looking for you."

"Indeed!"

"They told me at your lodgings that you had gone to church, so I came to meet you."

"They had no right to tell you where I had gone, and you had no right to ask, Sir," said Miss Daly, drawing herself up very proudly now.

"Pardon me, but I had a right."

"To persecute me because I serve at Battleton Junction. Ah, well, you are not the first gentleman who has thought that," she said, satirically.

"I have not persecuted you, young lady," said Major Crawshaw, very gravely, "and I have no intention of doing so."

"Then good-morning."

"But I have an intention of speaking to you about my nephew; I have come to London expressly for that."

"You had better speak to your nephew himself."

"I have done so, as you," he added, with emphasis, "are perfectly aware."

Miss Daly colored slightly.

"Yes, I am aware of that," she confessed.

"He told you so last night, after he had given me the slip in a most ungentlemanly fashion. Did he not?"

"He told me that you were his uncle, Major Crawshaw, and that he was very much afraid of you. But I am not, Sir," she added, looking up at him fearlessly, "and I will trouble you to let me pass to my home."

The major half drew aside to allow her to pass, and then altered his mind, and blocked the way again.

"No; I can't be put down in this fashion," he said, firmly. "I must speak, and I will speak, and if you are not afraid of me, you will listen. My persecution will not last many minutes."

"Very well; come to the bar to-morrow, and leave me in peace to-day."

"Leave you in peace!" said the major, indignantly. "I have had enough of this nonsense between the two of you. You know my nephew is waiting for you well enough."

"No, I don't," said Miss Daly, quickly. "Where is he?"

"Outside your own door—hanging about like a thief."

"He told me he would never do that again."

"He would tell you any thing, my child; he's an abominable liar," said the major.

"Yes; he is not very truthful," said Ruth Daly, thoughtfully.

"You had better listen to an old man like me," the major remarked, "though he may tell you some plain truths, than to a weak fellow like him. It might do you more good, Miss Daly, after all."

Ruth Daly looked at the uncle's earnest face attentively, and her manner changed for the better, and became more natural.

"Perhaps it would. Come along, then," she said.

She turned from the direction she had been pursuing, and the major said,

"This way?"

"Yes; away from him, please," she added, with a little shudder.

"You don't like my nephew?"

"I can't bear him," was the reply.

"Honor bright?"

"Upon my honor, I can't," she said.

"Then I have nothing to trouble you about, Miss Daly," said the major. "I can say good-morning at once, that is if I can believe you—and it's very odd, somehow, but I can. It is all *his* fault, then?"

He spoke as if he had made a full explanation of the position, and she did not affect to misunderstand him.

"Yes, it is all his fault," was the reply. "If he would only keep away—if he would not be so very, very foolish, and not make me look so very foolish, too—if he would talk to Miss Dart, or Miss Racket—no, he had better not, perhaps, for he is weak, and neither of them would make him a good wife—"

"Good wife—good God!" said the major.

"But if he would keep away for a while amongst his own people, or if you would take him away to India, Sir, he would soon be, oh! so much the better for it."

"And you would be glad to see the last of him?"

"Yes, very glad—poor fellow!"

"I don't like that 'poor fellow!' said the major, doubtfully, again. "'Pity is akin to love,' the proverb says."

"Oh! I could never love him, with all his property at his back, and all his fine mother and sisters to love me even in return," cried Ruth Daly. "He is a poor, weak, whiskey-drinking boy, who wants a good uncle to look after him."

"Are you laughing at me, Miss Daly?"

"No, I am very serious," she replied, "but this Edwin Todd has been left to run wild too much, and so has grown wild. He has wanted his own way at home, and had it. There has been no one to care for him, and he is careless in consequence."

"All his own fault."

"Yours; for you are the guardian of him, and he respects and fears you."

"You are an extraordinary young woman," exclaimed the major. "You should have been in a better position than at that beastly refreshment counter. By Jove! here am I receiving advice, instead of giving it."

"I am very rude, I fear."

"Not at all; don't mention it," he replied. "I like rudeness of this kind; it does one good. You're straightforward, if I'm not."

"Ah! I remember. I said last night you were not straightforward, and you were offended."

"Yes—because—but never mind that. Now tell me, Miss Daly, has my nephew asked you to marry him?"

"Once to marry him—several times to run away with him."

"And you have refused him the 'several times?'"

"Yes."

"And the 'once to marry him'—when was that?"

"Last night."

"I thought so, and you said No?"

"Yes; I can't bear him—I could hate him almost—haven't I said so?—if he wasn't such a fool and a child!" she added, passionately. "There, take him away, Sir; take him away, and do your duty for once."

"Upon my word, Miss Daly, I was never talked to in this way before. I have been all my life doing my duty."

"You have failed here, I think," she murmured.

"And have you done your duty, Miss Daly? Let me ask you that in all kindness, and as a man of my age may do to a young lady out in the world and exposed to temptation?"

"I have tried. We can all but try," she answered. "I hope I have not wholly failed."

"To have been asked 'several times' to run away with my nephew implies a patient listener. I wish you had not said 'several times,' but only once; and then a sound slap to his leathern chaps, and a gallon of that bad stout thrown over him."

"Yes, it might have been wise," was the quiet response; "but one has to bear a great deal, and

"GOOD-MORNING, MISS DALY."